The Nation

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Summary of the News

The United States' note to Austria on the torpedoing of the Ancona was dispatched to Vienna on December 8. The full text was published in Monday's papers. The note, which is dated December 6, and signed by Secretary Lansing, is noticeably stronger in tone than previous documents relating to the Lusitania, which have been addressed to the German Government. It "demands" a disavowal of the act, the punishment of the officer responsible for it, and the payment of an indemnity for American citizens wantonly slaughtered.

There is evidence that the Federal Government, in accordance with the President's suggestion in his message, is giving serious consideration to the question of Teutonic conspiracies in the United States. The matter was considered at a conference at the State Department last week, at which many members of the Cabinet were present, and dispatches from Washington express the opinion that agencies of the various departments will be coordinated into a single body for the purpose of investigating these particular conspiracies. Specific suggestions for legislation which shall give the Government powers adequate to deal with the situation were made in the annual report of Attorney-General Gregory, published on December 10.

Among interesting evidence in these cases said to have been discovered during the past week may be mentioned the revelation that von Rintelen (whose activities the German Government has thought it worth while to disown) was actively engaged in an attempt to promote a revolution in Mexico on behalf of Huerta, to the intent that the United States might become embroiled. On December 10 was published the translation of a letter signed by Baron Zwiedinek, chargé d'affaires of the Austrian Embassy, which contains suggestions for the purchase of false passports. According to dispatches from Washington of the following day, Baron Zwiedinek, while admitting the authenticity of the letter, has explained that it was signed by him in the way of routine, and without his knowing its contents, at a time when the embassy was still under the direction of Dr. Dumba. Further evidence, it was reported on Tuesday, has also been discovered bearing on the activities of "Labor's National Peace Council."

Secretary McAdoo's annual report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, was made public on December 8. Secretary Garrison's annual report on the army, containing a strong plea for adequate land defence, was published on the following day. On December 10 was published a statement on the question of preparedness, submitted to Secretary Garrison by the military experts of the War College division of the General Staff. Secretary Daniels's annual report on the navy, setting forth some of the naval lessons of the war, and making various recommendations for increasing the naval power of the country, was made public on December 12.

Secretary Lansing issued a brief statement on Friday of last week, announcing that the German Emperor had "been pleased to recall Captain von Papen and Captain Boy-Ed, in compliance with the wishes of the United States Government."

President Wilson spoke on December 8 at a luncheon at the White House to members of the Democratic National Committee. On December 10 the President addressed the Chamber of Commerce at Columbus, O.

A reminder that the question of the Frye is still a matter of controversy with Germany came in dispatches from Washington on December 8, which stated that the German reply to the last American note, that of October 12, had been delivered to Ambassador Gerard, and would be mailed to Washington.

The American liner Carolina, of the New York & Porto Rico Line, was last week stopped, when just outside the three-mile limit, by the French cruiser Descartes, which took off her a German chief steward. This and similar matters have been taken up by the State Department in a note sent to France on Tuesday.

Presumably as a result of Ambassador Page's protest, the steamers Hocking and Genesee, flying the American flag, will not be requisitioned by the British Government, according to dispatches from Washington of December 9. The Hocking and Genesee are to be transferred from the prize courts at Halifax and St. Lucia to the main British prize court in London, and on the result of the decision in the case of these ships will depend the attitude of the British Government towards the rest of the fleet of the American Transatlantic Company. The British contention is that the ownership of these ships is in part German.

In the Senate on December 10 the diplomacy of the Administration came up for discussion. Senator Hoke Smith started debate by introducing a resolution calling for an investigation by the Foreign Relations Committee of the interference by Great Britain with neutral trade. Senator Lodge retorted by introducing an amendment calling for an investigation of the law and the facts in the attacks by submarines on the Lusitania, Falaba, Hesperian, Arabic, Gulflight, and Ancona, and of the conspiracies against the neutrality of the United States, referred to in the President's message. Resolution and amendment were referred to the Foreign Relations Committee.

American ships will continue to sail on the Pacific, according to an announcement made on Monday by Charles A. Stone, president of the American International Corporation, which was recently formed with a capital of $50,000,000 for the purpose of strengthening the position of the United States in international commerce. Mr. Stone announced that the company had purchased the ships still remaining under the flag of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

The Allied forces have evacuated the strip of territory they held in Servia, and are in retreat on Salonica, where it is believed they will establish themselves in winter quarters, making of the port a base, under cover of the guns of the fleet, from which they may resume the campaign at a favorable moment. News reports appear to be agreed that a satisfactory settlement has been reached with the Greek Government, but official confirmation of this is still lacking. Germany, according to dispatches from London on Tuesday, is likely to add to the difficulties of Greece by lodging a determined protest.

Under the pricking of Socialist members, the German Chancellor discussed the question of possible terms of peace in the Reichstag on December 9. Comment on the speech will be found in our editorial columns.

Detailed figures of the results of Lord Derby's recruiting campaign, which ended officially on Saturday, but on account of the congestion of the recruiting offices was extended for another day, are not yet available. All reports agree, however, that it has been successful beyond any expectation. Early reports of numbers gave approximately 4,000,000, a figure which is doubtless exaggerated.

The report, which we quoted last week, that the American oil ship Communipaw had been torpedoed in the Mediterranean, appears to have been greatly exaggerated. Information on the subject received by the State Department is fragmentary, but, according to dispatches from Washington on Tuesday, whatever may have happened, the ship has reached Alexandria. Teutonic torpedoes have been fairly successful during the past week, having accounted for ten merchant ships in all, according to reports received: four British, three Italian, two Norwegian, and one Danish. An official statement from Vienna on December 8 announced the sinking by a submarine of a small Italian cruiser.

A bill to extend the duration of the present Parliament beyond the five-year limit, and to postpone a general election during the war, was introduced in the House of Commons on December 9 by the Home Secretary, Sir John Simon. On Monday the House of Commons passed the second reading of a bill empowering the Government to mobilize American or Canadian securities, by purchasing or borrowing them, to be used primarily as collateral for loans, or, in case of necessity, to be sold to meet Great Britain's liabilities in the United States. A reduction, as part of a general scheme of economy, in salaries of law officers of the Crown was announced by Premier Asquith last week.

Dispatches from Peking, under date of December 11, announced that Yuan Shi-Kai, President of the Chinese Republic, had accepted the throne of China, tendered to him by the Council of State. True to historical precedent, Yuan Shi-Kai is reported first to have waved the offer aside, but subsequently to have been prevailed upon to accept it. It is understood, however, that no celebrations are to take place to mark the change until a more favorable moment.

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The Week

Three very modest and simple recommendations are made by Attorney-General Gregory for the strengthening of the national Government in its dealings with offences committed in behalf of belligerents in a war in which our own country is neutral. The first is that authority be given the Government to seize arms and ammunition about to be shipped from the country under circumstances which make the shipment a violation of our neutrality laws. The third deals with persons escaping or attempting to escape from an interned warship of a belligerent nation; Mr. Gregory recommends that this be made a crime against the United States, or at least that authority be given to the Government to arrest persons so offending. The second recommendation comes much closer home to what has been agitating the public mind; this is that it be specifically made a crime against the United States to place bombs or other explosives on vessels sailing from the United States. Such a provision of law is so obviously desirable that there can be no doubt of its prompt and unhesitating enactment by Congress. The only question that is likely to excite curiosity or discussion is whether this measure is the only one that is practicable—or necessary—for dealing with the situation. If that is as serious as is indicated by the language of the President's message concerning plots against American industry as well as in violation of our neutrality, the question obtrudes itself whether it can be effectively dealt with under existing laws. The absence of any recommendation by the Attorney-General on this head, except that relating to bombs placed on ships, suggests the inference that the difficulty is not as serious as it has sometimes appeared to be.

"Recently," says Secretary Daniels in his annual report, "in naval circles the pendulum may be said to have swung away from an over-large undersea programme, with emphasis again placed on the Dreadnought." We are thus in a position to grasp the workings of that awesome mystery, the expert mind. When a German submarine sinks three British cruisers at a stroke, the man in the street quickly believes that the submarine has done for the big ship, whereas the cautious and well-informed expert recognizes that the undersea boat is destined to work a revolution in the history of maritime warfare. When German submarines keep picking off a brace of British merchantmen per day, the humble newspaper reader gives it as his opinion that the submarine is decidedly "it," whereas the expert recognizes that Britain's supremacy of the seas is seriously threatened. After half a year the man who reads his newspaper every morning discovers that the German submarines are not doing very much, for the simple reason that the British navy has found a way of dealing with them most effectively. So the man in the street concludes that, after all, there is something to be said for the big ship. Does the expert put it so crudely? No. In naval circles the pendulum swings from an over-large undersea programme to a big-ship programme. Thus the difference between the ordinary man and the expert in deducing lessons from the war while the war is still under way consists in the fact that the ordinary man changes impressions while the expert swings like a pendulum.

The seizure by a French cruiser of Germans working on an American merchant ship appears to have been a clear violation of established principles of international law. Had these men been bound for a German port, the seizure might have been justified on the ground that the men, being capable of military service, were presumptively destined for the German army. But such right to seize and remove them does not hold if, as in the actual case, the ship on which the men were found was bound from one neutral port to another. Our Government has taken up the case, and we have no doubt will insist upon the maintenance of American rights in this matter. In the famous case of Mason and Slidell, the United States did, in regard to those Confederate Commissioners, very much what France has done in the matter of these Germans; but we were sharply challenged by Great Britain, disavowed the act, and freed the Commissioners.

In more than one way the German Socialists are logically the ones to bring forward the advisability of beginning peace negotiations. They are the Opposition in the Reichstag. They represent more than any other party the masses upon whom the burden of the war has fallen most heavily. But, above all, the international character of the Socialist movement compels it to be the pioneer in any attempt towards the appeasement of national hatreds and suspicions. To be sure, the internationalism of the Socialists is today badly damaged, but in all countries efforts are under way towards its reconstruction. It would be fatal for the future of international Socialism if to non-Socialists were left the initiative in a movement towards peace and reconciliation. From this point of view, the debate in the Reichstag on Thursday of last week may prove to be not altogether without result. The German Government has gone officially on record against making peace overtures to the enemy. But the Socialists have equally declared in favor of peace on the basis of no annexations. What we await with interest is the sign of any response by Socialists in Allied countries. There is little chance of the Socialist parties as a whole either in England or in France meeting the German Socialists half way, but even if a small but appreciable number of Socialists in either country come forward, the beginning will have been made towards bridging the chasm.

One statement in the German Chancellor's speech last week has received official denial by the British Government. Bethmann-Hollweg referred to the Baralong case, and asserted that German sailors from a submarine had been brutally fired upon and killed when in the water by that British war vessel. This is the charge which made a sensation in the Reichstag, as uttered by the Chancellor, but which the English official communication of last Saturday declares to be "unwarranted." The full evidence in the affair has not yet been made public, being the subject of diplomatic correspondence between London and Washington. All that we have had has been affidavits by some muleteers who were aboard the Nicosian, which ship the submarine had attacked before the Baralong came up. The captain of the Nicosian denied that helpless German sailors had been murdered, in the way alleged; but the fact is that the affidavits themselves, upon which alone, it would appear, the German Government depends, were on their face incredible. Here, for example, is a statement sworn to by one muleteer:

> We were picked up by the steamer [the Baralong]. . . . There was a general rejoicing, shaking of hands, and congratulating us upon our escape, when the captain of the steamer, William McBride by name, gave the command: "Come on, boys, let us shoot these poor wounded devils in the water."

This is so plainly and flatly impossible that anything else made oath to by the author of that affidavit could not be believed without corroboration. Yet the Germans appear to have swallowed it whole.

Four million is undoubtedly an exaggerated estimate of the number of Englishmen

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who have come forward to enlist under Lord Derby's scheme. But there is little doubt that the response has been enormous, and that the prospects of conscription in England are remote. About a week ago the London *Daily Mail*, leading exponent of compulsory service, spoke of the rising tide of recruiting in a way to indicate that the conscription game was up. To understand, however, the rush for enlistment it is necessary to recall that enlistment under Lord Derby's plan is not volunteering for immediate service. On the basis of the recent register of all males of military age, there have been organized forty-six groups. Groups 1 to 23 are the unmarried men from 18 years to 41. Groups 24 to 46 are the married men, classified in the same way. When a man enlists he is assigned to his proper group according to age and marital condition. Thus an unmarried man of twenty-five goes into group 8, a married man of eighteen into group 24, the principle being that the unmarried men of 40 will be called up before the married men of 18. The groups will be summoned in numerical order as the need arises, but opportunities will be supplied for the members of all groups to indulge in preliminary training if they are so inclined. When a group is called up, any man will receive a chance to show cause why he should be transferred to a later group. More important will be the work of the councils established for the purpose of excluding those men who are needed for war-work at home. Apparently, the great mass of Englishmen have accepted the new system.

In commenting on the first year's returns from the Federal income tax, Representative Underwood pointed out, in July, 1914, that the tax as a whole had been operative for only ten months of the calendar year 1913, and that the supertax on large incomes had become operative only after the passage of the bill in October. As the period in which it applied in regard to this class of incomes, besides being so short, did not cover either of the great dividend dates—January 1 and July 1—he regarded the tax collected during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, as equivalent to little more than half a year's tax. The total was about $28,250,000, or far less than the $45,000,000 which the Treasury had estimated. The figures for the year ending June 30, 1915, as made public on Saturday by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, show that Representative Underwood's forecast of the future was too hopeful. The increase does not double the first year's collections, but adds only half again as much to them. There is an added revenue from this source of $13,000,000, or nearly that, making the whole return $41,046,162—a sum still short of the initial forecast of $45,000,000. Moreover, it is thought that several millions of income taxes held back under the provision of ten days' grace after June 30, 1914, appeared as receipts for the fiscal year just closed, though really belonging to that preceding. But it is to be pointed out that there was a marked decrease in the returns from large corporations, which had apparently suffered much during the earlier part of the fiscal year.

Postmaster-General Burleson, in his annual report, renews the recommendations made in his last two annual reports that early action be taken by Congress declaring a Government monopoly over all utilities for the public transmission of intelligence. He wants the telephone and telegraph systems of the country incorporated as soon as possible into the postal establishment. There is no sign, however, that this desire, expressed not only in successive years by the present Postmaster-General, but likewise by his predecessor in Taft's Administration, is being backed up in any other important quarter. President Taft made it very plain that he was not responsible for the recommendation, and President Wilson has been, so far as we can remember, entirely silent on the subject. Accordingly, as the Postmaster-General reports not to Congress, but to the President, the suggestion is not before Congress at all, except as it might be if any private citizen who had the ear of the nation had made it. As for public interest in the project, it is so slight as to be negligible, in relation to a project of such enormous magnitude as that of the acquisition and operation of the telegraph and telephone systems of the United States.

The predominance of the South in assignments to committees at Washington does not promise much in the way of a Republican issue. Of the 53 standing committees in the House, 31 have Southern chairmen and 22 have Northern chairmen. But, as the Atlanta *Constitution* remarks, the division of important chairmanships is a fair one, and, "if political strength and political loyalty be considered, the South has received no more than it is entitled to, and, perhaps, a little bit less." One reason for this preponderance is that the South has the habit of keeping a man at Washington term after term, with the result that its members are apt to surpass others in seniority of service and thus be at the head of the line when chairmanships are to be awarded. Of the Northern States, only Maine has been shrewd enough to follow this policy consistently. At the same time, the solidity of the South has worked against its own interests. Its vote was taken for granted, with the result that a Democratic triumph like that of Cleveland meant more for the party in the North than in the section where it was regularly strongest. Another factor of more or less influence was the persistence of sectional feeling, which made it much harder for a Democratic Administration of the nineties to place many members from the South in the seats of the mighty than is the case to-day. The war with Spain may have to its credit a definite lessening of this feeling, although the real or fancied dragging in of the "issue" in the recent reëlection of Senator Clarke of Arkansas as President pro tem. of the Senate shows how long it takes to end it. Certainly it is high time that the North stopped speaking of the South as if it were in some way tinged with hyphenism.

Mayor Blankenburg's ringing words for straight Americanism have a force far beyond that of the words themselves. The man that does the kind of work for his own city that Rudolph Blankenburg has done for Philadelphia need give no assurance, so far as he himself is concerned, that he is as good an American as any native-born son of the soil. What his sentiments or sympathies are as between the two sides in the great war, we do not know; but whatever they may be, we are quite sure that they are such as not to interfere with a whole-hearted devotion to the country in which he has lived his adult life, and to which he has given an abundant return for all that it may have done for him. There are, of course, extremely few citizens of any class that can point to such a record of service and leadership; but there can be no doubt that the number of Americans of German birth or descent who feel just as Mr. Blankenburg does is incomparably greater than that of those whose allegiance is divided or lukewarm. The trouble is that it is the latter kind who have been doing most of the talking during these troubled times.

"There are hundreds of millions in it" is a statement that would have taken away the breath even of Col. Sellers. Yet it is asserted of railway plans during the last ten years that they have more than made good the

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assurance of one expert that a million a day could be saved by scientific management. One student has been surveying the freight traffic of thirty-five leading railways. He finds that during the last fiscal year the average train carried 504 tons; during the fiscal year ending in 1914 it hauled but 482. As in 1904, the average number of tons per freight train was little over 305, in the decade the carrying capacity had been increased 65 per cent. The result is an annual saving of millions of train miles, and a very great reduction in the cost of operation. The experiments in train-loading started by James J. Hill represent, of course, only one side of the general struggle of the railways for economy. In passenger traffic also, in the maintenance of the roads, and in administration the efficiency engineers have made improvements of far-reaching value. There is no doubt that hard times have spurred the railways in their efforts, but the general tendency of business and industry towards greater efficiency would have played its part under any circumstances.

The announcement made in the House of Commons on Monday by the Chancellor of the Exchequer as to the Government's intention to buy American securities now held in Great Britain is of great interest on both sides of the water. The securities will be paid for in 5 per cent. five-year Exchequer bonds. In addition to securities thus bought, American securities will be taken on deposit by the Government, with the privilege of selling in certain contingencies. The general object of the proceeding is, of course, that of providing means of establishing credits in this country, to meet the mounting balance of trade resulting from the enormous excess of exports from this country over imports into it. This will inevitably continue throughout the duration of the war. It is possible—though this was not at all indicated in Mr. McKenna's remarks—that American securities acquired by the British Treasury, whether obtained by purchase or held on deposit, may be made to serve as collateral securities for some future Government loan to be placed in this country. But more probably they will be used simply to sell on the market at such times as may seem most expedient. If the tremendous export balance that has been shown now for many months should continue, it will manifestly be necessary either that we buy British securities or that the British sell American ones. In the recent placing of the Anglo-French loan in this country, followed so soon by this move of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we see both processes going on upon a large scale.

Proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for utilizing the savings of workingmen for purposes of war contain some indication of the differences between the average British and the average Continental home at the present moment. He would issue bonds in multiples of one pound, bearing an interest which increased year by year until by 1920 it bore 5 per cent. The rate of individual wage throughout England, measured by purchasing power, has undoubtedly fallen, for food prices are estimated to have risen 42 per cent., and housing, fuel, and clothing are also much higher. But the absolute increase in wages is considerable; overtime is general, and extra rates are paid for it; the state allowance on behalf of absent earners is liberal; and, above all, large sections of the population once thought unfit for employment, as women and boys, now receive profitable work. To measure the first of these considerations only, the employers' returns for the textile and several other staple industries are stated to indicate a total increased payment in wages of 24.3 per cent., for an increased number of persons as compared with a year ago. The net result is that, while the existence of sporadic distress is shown by the work of relief funds, and by measures like that for relieving poor tenants of increased war rents, the average British family of the working classes must show a slender surplus at the very time that many German and French households are facing the acutest financial problems.

The original purpose of the British advance in Mesopotamia, which has encountered a severe setback south of Bagdad, was an ambitious one. While the British were pushing up the valley of the Tigris to Bagdad and beyond, the Russians were to come south from the Caucasus through the region of Lake Van, and strike for the Tigris along the stretch between Diarbekr and Mussoul. For many months it has been apparent that the Russians could not be counted upon to put through their part of the assigned task. The British, on the contrary, made progress. At first they encountered no serious resistance. Bussora, the port from which Sinbad set forth on his voyages, surrendered easily, and the British campaign resolved itself into a slow but steady advance northward along the Tigris, which was the army's sole line of communications and supply. The vagaries of the Tigris channel and the network of irrigation canals presented a peculiarly difficult problem for the large fleet of light-draught steamers and numerous native boats. This fleet has been described as "the cavalry screen, advance guard, rear guard, flank guard, railway, general headquarters, heavy artillery, line of communications, supply depot, police force, field ambulance, aerial hangar, and base of supply of the Mesopotamian expedition." By the end of September the expedition had reached Kut-el-Amarna, about 100 miles south of Bagdad and 250 miles from the Persian Gulf. There was a battle at Kut-el-Amarna, September 27-29, in which the Turks were driven from a prepared position. The pursuit must have been rapid, under existing conditions, if in two months the British were within striking distance of Bagdad. Events have shown that it was too rapid.

Between President Yuan Shi-Kai hesitating to assume the crown, and Emperor Yuan Shi-Kai accepting the crown in principle but postponing the act to a more opportune time, the difference is small. As head of the republic, Yuan Shi-Kai has been waiting for the temper of the country to show itself. As Emperor designate, he will continue to wait. Until within a few days ago it was only the monarchists who spoke out, and in a manner indicating a carefully organized campaign. The naval mutiny last week in the harbor of Shanghai is probably the first expression of sentiment from the anti-monarchists, and it is not likely that they have had their final say. Yuan's decision to postpone his formal accession until a more favorable opportunity is not a logical step from the monarchist point of view. The great argument on that side has been that the country is suffering from the uncertain state of affairs at Peking, and that only the strong hand of an Emperor can establish order. If Yuan is to wait until order has been established, the argument for a monarchy falls to the ground. For the permanent peace of China the accession of Yuan would be an unhappy thing. It would not be the end, but the beginning, of an epoch. It is not to be supposed that the progressive elements in China will give in without resistance. Yuan himself may be strong enough to defend his Emperorship. When he goes, turmoil will begin. Better for China if the strong man Yuan were to use his strength in educating his people to a free government. As it is, he may be the Porfirio Diaz of China, with results similar to those Mexico has experienced.

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THE DEMAND ON AUSTRIA.

The trenchant note of our Government to Austria did not come like a bolt from the blue. It has been amply forecast, and is but a necessary step after what has gone before. Nor can it be described as a mere letting of the eagle scream, as was the famous dispatch which Webster once sent to the Austrian Government. Secretary Lansing, indeed, may be thought to have written in the spirit of Webster's words when the latter said: "Every nation, on being received at her own request into the circle of civilized governments, must understand that she binds herself to the strict and faithful observance of all those principles, laws, and usages which have obtained currency among civilized states and which have for their object the mitigation of the miseries of war." But it is not discussion of the laws of war that our Government is now inviting. Its demand is for prompt action; and this is based, not upon any sudden decision, but upon a controversy which has been threshed out for months, and to which the President now insists that a definite conclusion be put.

The note to Austria is plainly a sequel to the representations which this country has made to Germany. That is assumed. Our Government takes it for granted that Austria is fully aware of the positions laid down by the Washington Administration in its demands upon the German Government. The limits within which the United States would permit the conduct of submarine warfare, so far as it affects the lives of American citizens, had been clearly marked off. The question cannot now be taken up afresh with every other government. The American attitude is known to all the world. In that attitude, the note states significantly, Germany has acquiesced. From this two inferences are unescapable. The first is that Austria cannot be allowed to flout what Germany has decided to respect. And the second is that Germany is to be pressed for a complete and satisfactory settlement of the Lusitania case, just as she made her apologies and disavowals and promises to pay indemnity in the case of the Arabic. There is no question here of being more severe with Austria because she is weaker than Germany. The whole implication, the entire logic of the note, is that equal measure is being meted to both countries by the American Government. It has, in truth, been no secret that Secretary Lansing has been putting pressure upon Ambassador Bernstorff to wind up the Lusitania controversy. If satisfaction in that matter is not soon forthcoming, there may be a note to Germany couched in as strong language as that of the communication to the Austrian Government.

Its argument is condensed but urgent. The effect of it is to serve fair notice that the patience and long-suffering of this Government must not be interpreted as willingness to submit to injustice. In each case of submarine outrage, the President has waited long enough to be assured of the facts. He has done no rash thundering in the index. Full opportunity has been given to the other side to state its case and to determine its policy. But Mr. Wilson evidently feels now that it is time to come to business. If he holds a sharper tone in reference to the Ancona than he did with regard to the Lusitania, it must be because he believes that the argument has been exhausted, and that the Austrian Government, if it countenanced the proceedings of its submarine commander, was acting as if in deliberate contempt of the doctrines of law and humanity which our Government had made it plain that it would omit no word or act to uphold. These acts, which are abhorrent and barbarous, and which at the same time are in direct violation of American rights, cannot be tolerated merely because the scene of them is shifted, or because they are done under one flag rather than another. The imperative air of the note means that the President feels that the sum of the whole matter has long been before Austria as well as before Germany, and that the hour for a settlement has come.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the grave tenor of the note. Its terms are such as one Government rarely uses to another. Where the ordinary dispatch uses the word "request," this one plainly says "demand." And the door is shut to everything except a complete satisfaction offered by Austria. She is called upon not merely to disavow the act of her submarine commander, but to discipline him. Austria has in her time written diplomatic notes with a sharp edge to them—witness the formidable demand which she made upon Servia in 1914—but it is doubtful if she ever received one more curt and cutting than this dispatch of our State Department. That a distinct threat lies behind it is plain. But the threat does not go beyond the severance of diplomatic relations. This is implied in the phrase that the "good relations of the two countries must rest upon a common regard for law and humanity." In case the Austrian Government does not take speedy steps to satisfy the President, it is obvious that Ambassador Penfield will be recalled from Vienna. That Germany would feel herself involved in such a course is highly probable; but this fact may lead her to use her powerful influence with Austria in order to induce her ally to yield as gracefully as possible to the just demands of the United States.

GERMANY AND PEACE.

While Bethmann-Hollweg was engaged in drafting the speech which he delivered in the Reichstag last Thursday, the substance of it had been given to the world by von Hindenburg: "Our enemies are not sufficiently battered. We must hammer them some more." In the language of statesmanship this sentiment took the following form: "So long as this mixture of guilt and ignorance dominates the feelings of the hostile nations and their leaders, every tender of peace on our side would be folly." The state of ignorance referred to is ignorance on the part of the Allies that they are beaten. All through the Chancellor's statement runs this recognition of an awkward fact. The blunt habit of mind of Gen. Hindenburg puts it frankly. The diplomat expresses it circuitously and plaintively. We are victorious on every side, but the enemy does not know it. We have crushed Belgium, Servia, and Russia, and crippled France, but they unfortunately seem not to be aware of it. We have shown that Germany and her allies cannot be starved into submission, but England stupidly insists that the thing can be done. We do not need to conquer additional territory, we have obtained the fullest guarantees for our safety, but we cannot speak of peace lest the enemy interpret it as a sign of weakness. We have won, but our opponents won't let us speak in the tones of a victor.

The Chancellor thus gave the expected answer to the Socialist interpellation. Is Germany ready to take the initiative in making peace? No. "Whenever our enemies approach us with peace proposals which are in consonance with Germany's dignity and security we shall always be ready to discuss them." Is Germany ready to say what she regards as consonant with her dignity and security? No. "In previous speeches I sketched the general aim of the war. I cannot be more definite to-day, or say what guarantees the Imperial Government demands, for example, in the Belgian question." The

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first step towards peace will come when the Allies have said, We have had enough. In what form must this acknowledgment come from the Allies? Here the Chancellor's statement becomes peculiarly plaintive. The Allies must renounce the destruction of Germany which they proclaimed as their final goal in "the first intoxication of hope," a goal which, "despite intermediate events, remains the same." It is hard doing business with a beaten enemy who is still determined to destroy you. There can be no approach towards reconciliation with an opponent who refuses you the guarantees which you have conquered and are in a position to hold against the world.

It is a childish argument, this insistence that the first step to peace must be a confession by the Allies that they have been naughty and a promise that they will not do it again. Peace comes not through phrases, but through facts. Mr. Asquith or M. Briand will never say to Germany, "Very well, I promise not to annihilate you," even when they have lost hope of annihilating or even defeating Germany. Nations address one another on such important matters in concrete terms. Peace can come only through the defeated nation asking what the victor is willing to take, or through the victor announcing what he is willing to concede to the vanquished.

Compared with the Chancellor's statement, the position taken by the Socialist spokesman, Scheidemann, shows a closer grasp of realities. We went into this war, said Scheidemann, to defend our national integrity. We have succeeded. Our frontiers are amply protected. Let us have peace. But Bethmann-Hollweg is under the necessity of explaining a defensive war which aims at territorial expansion, a war for self-preservation which calls for conquests. He is under the necessity of satisfying public opinion at home with the assurance that the war is won, and reconciling that cheerful view with the fact that the war is not ended, and cannot end until the Allies cry quits. In the realm of realities we know that either a nation is victorious or it is not. If it has victory, it does not weaken itself by announcing that it is willing to make peace. If it fears that such a statement will raise false hopes in the enemy's camp and prolong the war, then it has not attained victory and is not within measurable approach of it.

In the Chancellor's speech the ground-note is confidence, but there are overtones of doubt and hesitation. There are suggestions that if only the Allies are willing to swallow their pride they may find Germany reasonable. "The longer and more bitterly they wage this war against us, the greater will be the necessary guarantees." It sounds like a threat, but it is also an intimation that an easy settlement is possible to-day. Bethmann-Hollweg speaks of the necessity of establishing the certitude that war will not return. How can that certitude be established? If not through the crushing of the Allies, then it must be through reconciliation. He uses the striking words:

> I cannot say what guarantees the Imperial Government demands, for example, in the Belgian question, *or what combination of Powers seems necessary as a foundation for these guarantees.*

Is this a hint to the moderate elements in England and France that if only they begin to talk peace, Belgium will be regarded by Germany as a subject for discussion? Does the "combination of Powers" suggest that Germany is willing to enter into a league of reconciliation? It falls in with the entire tenor of the Chancellor's speech: Let the Allies own that they are beaten, and the rest is simple.

Plainly, this is not the firm tone of a victor. It indicates a state of mind which we find mirrored in influential sections of the non-Socialist German press. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, out of a clear sky, raises the question of what is to be done with Alsace-Lorraine—as an internal problem, it hastens to say. Conditions there have been unsatisfactory during the war. Are the conquered provinces to remain as a Reichsland? Are they to be partitioned among the other German states? Are they to be incorporated with Prussia? The *Frankfuter Zeitung* favors the last solution. But in the very raising of the question, in the talk of rearrangements and consolidations, there is almost the intimation that in the process of reconstruction a strip of Lorraine might be "rectified" back to France, possibly in exchange for something else. Another writer deals with Germany as a *Weltmacht*, and suggests that Germany can become that without harming England. She can be a *Weltmacht* by being incomparably the strongest Power—in Europe.

Such expressions of German sentiment are known in the Allied countries. If Germany's position can be weakened by her offering peace, then the damage has been done already. The fact remains that peace has been formally debated at Berlin, and nowhere else, with the result that the Allies are likely to remain embedded in guilty "ignorance" of the fact, Teutonically established, that they are beaten.

OUR SUBSIDIZED PRESS.

Labor's National Peace Council is the latest victim of the subsidized press of this country. Ex-Congressman H. Robert Fowler, of Illinois, general counsel of the Association, tells us so, and he is of course in a position to know. Moreover, we find his statement set forth at length—and without denial, mark that!—in one of the subsidized newspapers themselves. "The assaults of the subsidized press upon this organization on the very day of the opening of the Sixty-fourth Congress" stir Mr. Fowler to indignant defiance, to which, as well as to the accusation itself, the subsidized press gives full publicity—and this again without a word of protest. "Neither the intimidation of the wealth of the Armor Trust and the War Trust nor the public slander of their subsidized press," Mr. Fowler declares, "will in any wise deter us or save them from the exposure of their criminal looting of the public treasury." How much of the swag goes to the newspapers and how much is to be retained by the "War Trust," is of course not indicated; but no doubt the sum that will go into the journalistic cash-boxes will make a very comfortable addition to the British gold which swung the American press almost solidly in line for the Allies at the outbreak of the war.

We have referred to Mr. Fowler's remarks as an "accusation"; but the description is not accurate. He does not feel it necessary to take the trouble to accuse; he uses the word "subsidized" as though it were a mere designation which he finds current, and which everybody will accept without challenge. And indeed it is current enough. It is at the free disposal of every one that is in distress and every one that is in debt and every one that is discontented; it is current coin in the cave of Adullam. Mr. Bryan finds it ready to his hand in each one of the successive positions in which he places himself through his deep devotion to one paramount issue after another. If almost the whole of the influential American press is opposed to the debasement of the currency, this is because it is subsidized by the money power. If it does not welcome the initiative, referendum, and recall, it is because it is in the pay of the political bosses. If it denounces Bryan's desertion of his post as Secretary of State, and the lack of honorable observance of its obligations which he displayed while filling it, this is because the press is under the thumb of the men who want to make millions out of the embroilment of the country in the European war.

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We might ourselves feel inclined to be weighed down by the thought of this deep degradation of the American press, were it not for some curious facts in regard to it. Among these we should place, first of all, the extraordinary circumstance that so much free publicity is given to the charge by the press itself. As is well known to those sociological experts who have made the venality and subservience of the American newspapers their specialty, the greatest weapon of evil which they wield is that of suppression. To one word that is said by these learned gentlemen about distortion of news, or about insincerity of editorial opinion, there are ten said about suppression of the news. How comes it, then, that the newspapers spread abroad so constantly the exposure of that very suppression, and the accusation of the venality which lies at the root of suppression, distortion, and insincerity alike? That is a puzzle which it may be beyond the power of the sociologists to explain, but which ought to offer no difficulty to their friends the psychologists. Yet we do not recall having ever seen a word on the subject by either. In default of instruction from these high quarters, we confess that, for our own part, we feel constrained to fall back upon a very simple explanation. The reason that the respectable papers of this country so complacently print these charges, and take no further notice of them, is that they count on the good sense of their readers to set them down as irresponsible gabble.

There are many respects in which the American newspaper compares unfavorably with the best examples of European journalism. There is less sense of proportion, less enlistment of special knowledge in the handling of many important departments, more intentness on catching the eye of the crowd by undue "featuring" of striking or sensational, rather than truly important, items. But in point of honesty and sincerity, we have little doubt that the American press is not only equal, but superior, to that of any European country. There are exceptions, of course; but it may be said of the great mass of American newspapers of acknowledged standing that they are not only wholly free from the grosser forms of venality, but are conducted in a spirit of genuine independence. Not, as a rule, to be sure, of an absolutely ideal independence. There are personal predilections, perhaps personal affiliations, that influence the policy of the paper more or less; and there is the sense of representing, in a measure, rather than undertaking altogether to lead, the paper's constituency. From the standpoint of the labor agitator, or the social reformer, or the advocate of some ideal scheme of world-regeneration, all this may present itself in the light of a base and unworthy compliance; but as a matter of fact, the standard of the typical American newspaper of importance is not lower, but far higher, than that by which individuals, even high-minded individuals, are usually guided in their personal conduct. Let fault be found with the papers, nevertheless; they fall below their own standards often enough. But when charges of venality are made, on no better foundation than that the views of the newspaper are not in agreement with those of the accuser, they should serve no other end than that of classing the person who makes them as a cheap slanderer or a silly ignoramus.

A SIDELIGHT ON POPULAR KNOWLEDGE.

A professor in a State university of the Middle West has written to the *Nation* an account (printed in the issue of last week) of an interesting experience upon which he stumbled quite accidentally in the midst of his routine work with a section of his freshman class. They were reading Marlowe's "Hero and Leander":

> Hellespont suggested Gallipoli, and I asked the class—it was quite a chance shot—where Gallipoli was. To my surprise, no one knew. I wrote the word on the blackboard, and was amazed when the class confessed that not one had ever seen the word before!
>
> Within the next twenty-six hours I had met three other sections of freshmen, and had placed "Gallipoli" before them, with the same result. A more advanced course yielded two men who had never heard the name—one of them was on the staff of the university daily paper.

With this for a beginning, the Professor went on to sound the depths of these freshmen's ignorance by setting them a "simple examination paper" consisting of questions relating to the great war. The result furnishes such an array of ludicrous errors as one is accustomed to find displayed in accounts of such tests. Yet we have to confess that the exhibit, amusing as it is, impresses us less than the simple showing upon Gallipoli. Many persons fairly well informed about the war might fail to answer several of the questions. But the Gallipoli thing cannot be explained away. It is quite certain that these boys and girls had completed their high-school course in the midst of the greatest international convulsion of all history without taking enough interest in it to follow with ordinary attention even such accounts of it as are contained in the newspaper headlines.

It may be noticed that even in the Gallipoli matter there appears a gleam of encouragement as to the mental condition of these young people. In a more advanced class, there were only two men who had not heard of Gallipoli; whence we may infer that some development was taking place in the course of their college life. But the questions raised by the exhibition as a whole are both broader and more disturbing than those usually considered in connection with the efficacy of our colleges as breeders either of general culture or of sound citizenship. It is only a small minority, though an extremely important one, that go through college. What these freshmen represent is the youth of both sexes who at the age of sixteen or eighteen go out into life after having had the benefit of a common-school and high-school education. And it is not merely their knowledge, nor even merely their interest in the great events of the world, but their mental attitude that is represented. The professor cites some letters in which this mental attitude is explicitly displayed. One speaks of not having time "to spend looking up magazines and reading unimportant matter which does not pertain to his life's work." Another is willing to wait until "the war is over, and matters are cleared up," at which happy time he will not be bothered with the difficulty of finding out which of the alleged facts contained in the newspapers are true and which false. Small wonder that the professor indulged in some bitter comment on such notions of what is an "unimportant matter" and what our "life's work" is really concerned with.

The question of keenest, one might indeed say crucial, interest is, how far the state of mind of these young people reflects that of their elders. Is it the fact that in the small towns and villages and farmsteads from which they doubtless come the tremendous drama that is enacted in Europe, the convulsion upon whose outcome the whole future of that civilization from which our own is drawn is destined to turn, excites only the most languid and most distant interest? It would be rash to infer so much as this; but certainly something approaching it is strongly suggested. For those who are living at the heart of things in New York or Washington it is difficult to imagine such a state of mind. But even granting that it exists, one must not rush to the conclusion that these people are hopelessly sordid or philistine. If it is only in its broadest lines that the great war is known to them, we must

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remember that, as has been said by an acute thinker, there is no operation that the human mind so stubbornly resists as the introduction of new knowledge. And there is lacking that poignant sense of the tremendous reality which is brought about by the contagion of constant and general discussion and of human contact.

One practical lesson bearing on a leading question of the time should be enforced by contemplation of such a phenomenon as is here indicated. We all believe in the rule of the people, but some of us have been insisting that to require that every great question shall be settled by popular vote is to reduce the principle of popular rule to an absurdity. Not the least important reason for holding this is that it takes time for knowledge of any great question to permeate the popular mind, and that nevertheless action upon it may be demanded at once, either by enthusiastic agitators on the one hand or by the force of circumstances on the other. An instance of the latter case is the issue of peace or war; of the former any number of examples might be cited. If in the hard times which gave the great impetus to the silver agitation it had been possible to refer the question of free silver to a popular vote, it is not improbable that the proposal would have been carried, and it is quite certain that the people would have voted upon it without understanding it. In such a matter as any of the issues which have arisen at the present time between this country and Germany, or between this country and Great Britain, the worst possible way to find out the final and deliberate judgment of the American people would be to refer the question to a direct vote. How few of them know enough about it to know what they would think if they knew more about it, the referendum on Gallipoli at this Western State university suffices to give an instructive indication.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS AND THE POETIC DRAMA.

We are accustomed to thinking of the poetic drama as something that in our time and language is almost non-existent. Yet in the dramatic history of the last two decades two of the chief British poets, Stephen Phillips and W. B. Yeats, have devoted almost all their energies to writing plays. Nor have they written in the spirit in which Browning and Tennyson, Swinburne and Robert Bridges, wrote their dramas in verse. Tennyson's "Queen Mary" had a slight stage success, but only after much remodelling; and no one believes that it would ever have been produced had it not been the Poet Laureate's. Phillips and Yeats rather continued, and infinitely bettered, the tradition of Taylor and Talfourd, writing with the definite purpose of being acted. If their materials and methods in writing, their purposes in seeking production, were absolutely different, the fact but illustrates the range of dramatic possibilities still inherent in poetry. Other and kindred recent experiments in poetic drama have made their mark on both sides the Atlantic, chief among them being the versions of Euripides made by Gilbert Murray, produced in successive years at the Court Theatre in London before being brought to America. There have been English translations of Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, and Rostand which had the spirit of poetry, if not its form, and which have held their audiences; and in recent years the pageant and the masque, the superior forms of which are always poetic, have had extraordinary vogue in England and America.

But to Stephen Phillips is due special gratitude as the first English writer in years to show the possibility of producing beautiful poetry, and yet of attending to the technical requirements of the stage. His "Paolo and Francesca" was not equalled in definition of character, tragic passion, and skilled handling of intense action by his later works. He tended to substitute magnificence for actual dramatic movement to a degree that smothered even the poetry in stage presentation. In "Ulysses" the poetry had only a coördinate place with a series of fine tableaux, and in "Nero" the splendor of the settings and the frequency and pomp of the entrances made it wholly subsidiary, while dramatic outline was blurred. But not only were the "Herod" and the "Sin of David" adapted as wholes to the stage, but they and his first play had individual scenes of unusual dramatic merit. The two love scenes of "Paolo and Francesca" are among the most beautiful of their kind in all contemporary drama. Phillips had a certain stage experience during his connection with Benson, and he also worked to the order of influential managers, and was to some degree guided by their ideas. Yeats, similarly, wrote with the requirements of the Irish National Theatre, of which he had partial control, in mind. In Yeats, also, the full possibilities of poetic drama are not revealed. His "On Baile's Strand," despite its Sohrab and Rustum theme of father fighting son, is not dramatic, and neither "Deirdre" nor "The Shadowy Waters" has anything like the fine stirring appeal of the prose "Kathleen ni Houlihan." But both, to a far greater degree than Percy MacKaye in "Jeanne d'Arc" or "The Canterbury Pilgrims," or than writers like Margaret Woods, have shown that there may be realized an English poetic drama.

If Phillips's sense of dramatic requirements was such that early critics accused him of merely giving a poetic handling to old-fashioned melodrama, he merits credit also for offering his actors verse of simple character, its rhythm obvious, and its accent and emphasis much plainer than the Elizabethans. A poetic drama must not differ too markedly in speech from one in prose. Mere declamation, the loading of the action with meditative and moralizing verse in Joanna Baillie's vein, will not do. But there is no reason why the recitation of poetic dialogue should not treat it as poetry, should not bring out its values of rhyme and rhythm. Our want of actors who can speak a scene from Shakespeare with real feeling for blank verse is one reason why the public does not oftener respond to Shakespearean revivals. At one of Granville Barker's performances of Euripides a critic complained that in the opening scene the actor not only concealed from him the fact that the lines were written in rhymed verse, but convinced him that they were not. There may be a division among elocutionists over the propriety of accenting or evading rhythm. But it is certain that the mass of people who make up the potential audiences of poetic drama wish to hear verse read with delicate but perceptible appreciation of the fact that it is verse.

Of the prospects of poetic drama it is possible to say little, because production must always depend upon the occurrence of dramatic faculty and taste in some man poetically endowed, and outer circumstances little control that occurrence. But it is hopeful to find signs that the poetic drama, if well done, may have a more cordial reception in the future than it has had in the past. The war in particular has brought forward a general view that cynicism and ultra-scientific realism were alike becoming distasteful, and that in their place idealism, romanticism, and those things that appeal to the emotions were certain to be in demand. Only the event can test this view, but many theoretical reasons give it force. If it actually proves that emotion and romance have a new place in popular taste, they are sure to find it in some fashion on the stage. But the believer in poetic drama would contend that its place is permanent, and that human nature's liking for it is little affected by changes such as even a great war may bring.

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Foreign Correspondence

THE FAILURE OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC.

By YONE NOGUCHI.

TOKIO, November 7.

Many people, I believe, endorsed the Chinese Republic from their idea that democracy, even Whitman's golden democracy, in fact operated under the autocratic form of government in old China. It is true that the philosopher Mencius, for instance, who placed the people first, the gods second, and the sovereign third in the scale of national importance, replied, when asked if a subject were justified in putting his sovereign to death as in the case of an ancient wicked emperor who was attacked by a patriot and subsequently perished in the flame of his palace: "Any one who has violated man's natural charity of heart and failed in the execution of duty towards his neighbors is only an unprincipled ruffian; it was such a ruffian in truth, not an emperor in the real sense of the word, who perished in the case under discussion." But you should spend a thought or two before you take such language (which would sound quite wild from the lips of a reckless Western anarchist) as evidence of the existence of democracy as the fruit of human aspiration; it would be more reasonable to take it as casting a light over the conditions of those days, when the ruling classes were obliged to assume a democratic or liberal attitude, having before their face the eternal problem of pacifying the subdued race, Tibetans or Tartars. The long Chinese history is merely a record of struggle between the conquerors and the conquered; if there was democracy in the old Chinese mind, it was not from passion or love, but from necessity, therefore from reasoning or cold justice-making. I secretly entertain even some suspicion in reading the word "democracy" in ancient Chinese books, that it might be a proof how little democracy existed then in fact. Suppose the people in China quite well cherished a democratic conception. Then how shocking to read of their contentedly living under the tyrannical laws which were at one time or another imposed upon them. I can say that democracy may have been an ideal of old China; but it had no immediate relation, I dare say, with the establishment of a Republic as in present China.

Unlike Japan, whose insular safety, combined with a strange devotion to an emperor, dulled the edge of ambition to complete a home-loving people, China has furnished from time immemorial the most romantic field for a man of undaunted heroic nature to build at the place where the sword was sharpest. We have one Chinese saying that there is no special kind of man born to be a king or a prince or a general; that means that anybody may be the sole creator of his own destiny. Among the most ambitious fighters who contested the Imperial throne is a self-made man of peasant origin called Liu Pang, who originated the Han dynasty, when the once powerful dynasty of Ts'in (the first Emperor of that dynasty successfully unified the Chinese domain in B. C. 222) began to collapse from the impossibility of digesting what it had conquered. The Empire under the Ts'in dynasty, to believe one historian's affirmation, extended "from the plains of Yen and Chao [the modern Ho Nan and Chih Li] to the banks of the Yang-tze and the hills of Yueh [the modern Che'h Kiang], and from the Lake of Tung-ting to the Eastern Sea." The founders of the great T'ang and the Sung dynasties, although the former particularly was, even from a Western point of view, a gentleman and a soldier, were not backed by any august family history. How the best blood of those days was spilled against the northern savages will be seen from the following verse by Li Po:

> Under the crescent moon's faint glow
> The washerman's bat resounds afar,
> And the autumn breeze sighs tenderly.
> But my heart has gone to the Tartar war,
> To bleak Kansul and the steppes of snow,
> Calling my husband back to me.

Who established the Ming dynasty? He was nobody but a priest returned to secular life. And in the Manchu dynasty we read the conquering history of unlearned intruders from the north whom China despised, comparing them even with "birds or beasts." It would be reasonable, even proper, for the masses of the people, under such an endless change of Emperors and dynasties and the general disturbance, to think of their own safety first; who will blame the Chinese if they became, as they did in fact, self-centred and materialistic? Confucius emphasized in his teaching man's duty to his neighbor and his loyalty to the sovereign as the foundation-stone of national prosperity; he taught filial piety and virtue for virtue's sake and not for the hope of reward or fear or punishment. He attempted already in his days to rescue the people from the thought of themselves alone. The self-seeking of the Chinese and their general lack of public spirit (I do not speak of patriotism in the Japanese sense) have such a long history. During those thousand years they learned perfectly the blessing of ignorance under whose protection they thought they found their safety; in China only one will find such a proverb or saying: "To learn letters or books is the beginning of your sorrows." What recked such a people if the form of their government were a republic or a monarchy? For them, it is not too insolent to say, the beautiful forms of a republic were certainly, to use a Japanese common phrase, "a piece of gold to a cat"; and perhaps they feel under no obligation to the present Chinese Republic since they draw no benefit from it. The republican form of government is nothing if the people's pain and joy are not embodied in it; and since the Chinese Republic is a thing merely written up by a handful of young men who studied perhaps in New York or Tokio on the table, but not in the people's living bosoms, it is as irresponsible as a mirage in the high sky. So long as the masses can keep their own physical safety, they would not care if Yuan Shi-Kai should proclaim himself, as did Liu Pang, of the ancient Han dynasty, as the very Prince of Han beloved by Heaven. Doubtless he had many reasons and circumstances for introducing the western republic in China; but he was mistaken if he thought that this advanced form of government, the fruit of people's real awakening to responsibility of life and the world, could be planted in so barren a land as China. The Chinese conservatism is far more obstinate and hard than that of Englishmen; we have seen many examples that they never take up (indeed quite unlike Japanese) any new thing on the spot, even when it is good and proper.

A discriminative mind will soon find that one of the principal reasons for the fall of each dynasty in China was the neglect to create a centre of inspiration which might consolidate the national mind, and the leaving of the country to expend her energies in selfish indulgence; but some wise emperors and imperial advisers who had the wisdom of reflective foresight used Confucius's name to advantage, and made Confucianism a sole guide to life and the world, a philosophy around which the nation might weave a web of compactness and harmony. When Yuan Shi-Kai practiced the ceremony of the so-called Heaven-worshipping last autumn, it was from his desire to gain spiritual consolidation through the power of Confucianism; but what a contradiction as the act of a president of a modern republic! What such an action tells, is that Yuan found it impossible to unite the Chinese mind in one compact whole, and had recourse to an uncertain divine protection. We read in books that many an emperor or, so to say, son of Heaven, of olden days, proceeded once a year to the Temple of Heaven in the Capitol, and after due performance of sacrificial worship, entered alone the central raised building, there placing himself in communication with the Supreme Being who might reveal to him how to manage the affairs of state. Chinese records, I read somewhere, go so far as to mention letters received from God. This may be taken to mean that the emperors, when they were wise, tried to show to the people that they were solicitous of the well-being of all committed to their care; to use the well-known phrase, the Emperors made their own minds one with the people's mind. What use of the Heaven-worshipping ceremony when, as to-day in China, the masses have utterly lost the spirit of devotion? I have many reasons to say that Yuan Shi-Kai as Emperor, but not as President, might make the country more straightforward in conduct, and more compact in her life. In a country like China, where the high officials seek only their self-interest, while the masses are unconcerned for the country's destiny, the question first and last is, "Who will be at the head of the managers of the country?" Let Yuan become a fully accredited Emperor and conduct the national affairs with his own strong lieutenants, whoever they be.

RICHARD NORTON'S AMBULANCE.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, November 30.

Among the more cheerful and gratifying features of a very dismal situation must be ranked the numerous instances of practical sympathy shown to Great Britain and its allies by individual citizens and organizations of the neutral lands; and it has already been my pleasant task to chronicle in the columns of the *Nation* some American cases of this kind. None of them, perhaps, deserve more cordial recognition or are more remarkable in their conception and execution than the services rendered to the Allies by the American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps, the only American organization of any kind that has succeeded in reaching the front. The credit of being the "only begetter" of this organization belongs to Mr. Richard Norton, who, both on account of his happy inspiration and his successful achievement, now at least (if not before) has assuredly earned the right to be styled the distinguished son of a dis-

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tinguished father. Mr. Norton, during a visit in France at an early stage of the war, had become painfully aware of the great suffering caused by delay in bringing in the wounded to the hospitals provided for them; and he then and there felt the "call" to devote himself to minimizing this evil so far as lay in his power. His first natural wish was to minister to the men of the same blood as himself, and he accordingly offered his services to the British Red Cross. He had, however, previously applied for support to his American friends, who responded generously in money, in cars, and in personal service as chauffeurs, so that his original application to the Red Cross was firmly based on a fleet of ten motor vehicles of one kind or another.

The British Red Cross and the St. John's Ambulance Association were most cordial in their furtherance of Mr. Norton's scheme. Mr. Henry James accepted the office of chairman of the company, and it is impossible to exaggerate the value of his unobtrusive services in this capacity. Probably no other name would have been so efficacious in obtaining the sympathy needed for the success of the corps; and it is perhaps not the least valuable feature of his aid that his pen made the circulars of the organization real contributions to literature. A little later the corps was amalgamated with the Anglo-American Ambulance and incorporated under the company acts of 1907 and 1913, with the certificate of the Board of Trade.

The corps, being accepted as one of the units of the British Red Cross, was of necessity placed under the command of a British officer, Col. A. J. Barry, R. E., with whom Mr. Norton, also wearing the khaki uniform of the Red Cross, was associated as deputy commandant and convoy leader. In the first instance, however, the corps was lent to the French military authorities, whose immediate need for this form of service was more urgent than that of the British forces; and it began its work in October, 1914, behind the French lines. For six months the work here went on very satisfactorily, with most beneficial results to the French wounded and with a constantly augmenting number of ambulances. In March, 1915, the Red Cross Society intimated its desire that the corps should return to Boulogne and take up work with the British army. The Commissioner, Sir Arthur Lawley, readily yielded to representations that it seemed hardly fair to leave the French army, for which the corps had been operating, so suddenly in the lurch. The result was that Mr. Norton, trusting to the generosity of his American and English friends, decided to double the corps, so as to leave the French unit undiminished while responding to the British summons. As a matter of fact, however, the British demand was, for various reasons, not persisted in, and for the moment the fine fleet of sixty cars is operating with a certain French army corps, of which the entire ambulance service has been placed under the control of Col. Barry and Mr. Norton. This expansion of the activity of the corps has had as one result the inclusion of a number of English volunteers in its strength, a feature which all the Americans interested in the service regard with great satisfaction.

The main function of the corps is to gather in the wounded from the *postes de secours* and field hospitals, and to convey them as speedily as possible to the base hospitals or (when practicable) to the railway stations. When the roads permit of it, the ambulances sometimes get very near the trenches and they are often under fire. By great good fortune only one car has so far been injured by shells, and no members of the staff have been injured, though several have had hairbreadth escapes. Such minor inconveniences as spending the night in or below the cars, the facing of asphyxiating gas in masks, the going for days at a time without a moment to change one's clothes, and work carried on at critical periods without rest or sleep for incredible intervals are all accepted as necessary and ordinary features of the service. For details as to the experiences and adventures of the corps, the reader must be referred to the various reports published by the corps, copies of which may be obtained from Mr. Eliot Norton, 2 Rector Street, New York. The chronicles of the heroism of the wounded, whether they are stretcher cases or *blessés assis;* of the courage and devotion of the doctors, *brancardiers,* and chauffeurs; of the help rendered to destitute refugees, and of its frequent opportunity to ascertain and preserve the identity of the dead make extraordinarily interesting reading. Some idea of the extent of the corps' activity may be gathered from the fact that it has altogether carried 28,000 cases (6,000 of these between September 25 and September 30), and has covered 12,000 miles within a single week.

Mr. Norton speaks in the highest terms of the work and spirit of his assistants, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Arthur F. Kemp and Mr. William P. Clyde, both of whom were members of the first expedition; Mr. Allen D. Loney, the well-known sportsman, whose chivalrous death on the Lusitania we all remember; Mr. Julian Day, now on active service as a lieutenant in the West Kent Yeomanry, and Mr. William R. Berry, the archæologist. Mr. Norton himself had already shown his capacity as a leader of men in his various archæological explorations, and this quality has been very evident in his present task. Seldom has so sympathetic and so compassionate a nature been conjoined with such admirable, practical, and administrative faculties. Even this brief sketch indicates how much tact must have been called on to steer this scheme successfully through the technical and other difficulties inseparable from its points of contact with three different nationalities and at least as many military and quasi-military organizations; and Mr. Norton's successful handling of his helpers and subordinates has been as striking as his diplomatic talents in dealing with his subscribers, his backers, and his superior authorities.

Several members of the corps were mentioned in the orders of the day of the Corps d'Armée after the recent serious fighting. Mr. Norton, who had already received the *Croix de Guerre,* was cité à l'ordre de l'armée in the following terms: "Richard Norton, adjoint au Commandant de la Section Sanitaire Anglo-Américaine pendant les combats du 25. Sept. et des jours suivants a fait preuve du plus grand dévouement et du plus beau courage, en conduisant lui-même ses voitures de jour et de nuit dans les zones dangereuses et en donnant à toute sa section l'exemple d'une endurance poussée jusqu'à l'épuisement de ses forces."

The corps is treated exactly as a French military corps, has to obey the same regulations and officials, and receives the regulation army rations (described as "extremely good"). It is being more and more absorbed into the French military system, and a reorganization is now in prospect which will definitely divide it into reserve sections and sections for work at or near the firing line.

The corps has been most generously supported both by American and English friends. Among the most liberal of the former are Mrs. Frances M. Wolcott, of Buffalo, and Mr. Alexander Smith Cochran, of New York. Its chief need at the present juncture is the services of trained chauffeurs.

FRANCE'S COLORED TROOPS.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, November 28.

I wonder what natives of Boston think of the outcry against France that she is using colored soldiers. They used to be proud of St. Gaudens's monument to Col. Shaw and his regiment—the first colored regiment raised in our Civil War. Now there are colored men of the French colonies of Africa whose country is organized into settled communes and who can vote for members of Parliament—and yet they are not so far subject to military conscription. They who have the right to vote should surely have the right to fight.

These darker children of France have not shown themselves backward in offering themselves for military service in defence of what is also their country. They are not all colored in our American sense. There are Arabs of Tunis and Algiers and Kabyles or Berbers as well as Senegalese. All have shown their attachment to the country where they and theirs are well—*ubi bene, ibi patria.* An aged mountaineer on the Algerian frontier, at the beginning of war, brought his eighteen-year-old son to the recruiting office:

"I wish him to go and fight the Germans since they are your enemies. The French have done good to us—we are better fed and better clothed than we used to be. If I were not too old, I would go with my boy."

In Tunis certain classes of natives have already been subject to military service like the French themselves. Sharpshooter reserves, who were not long back from a Moroccan campaign, came trooping in at the first first sign of mobilizing, with the Morocco medal and little military book which shows the civil status and military service of each soldier carefully wrapped up in their handkerchiefs. In their broken French all spoke of France as if she were a person well beloved: "To-morrow to France—to defend our France."

The day war began, on the 3d of August, a battalion of these African sharpshooters was ordered to France from Kenifra, a storm point of South Morocco. A few miles on their march they were attacked by thousands of Moorish marauders who must have been set on them—so the men thought—by some of the German emissaries abounding in Morocco. Many dressed their own wounds for fear the doctor might keep them from going on. One of the dying murmured: "Allah did not wish me to see France!" In a month's time they were at Compiègne, and within four hours were facing the German front in battle. At Lassigny one African section held out twenty-four hours against a German battalion. A Mussulman lieutenant was asked how his men could stand up so long against enemies more numerous and violent. He said: "Our Arabs fight as if in a dream!"

In his picturesque language he explained that the bullets came at them like beans

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thrown against a wall—"we were the wall." He was shot through the hips and crawled into a little trench. There he found one of his men—a fellah of Kairouan, that closed city of Mohammedans on the desert's edge. The poor Arab was dying, and in life he had known only want and privation, but he found strength to murmur: "Lieutenant, you will see Paris again, where the pretty ladies gave us flowers and chocolate." There, for the first time, he had tasted such a luxury.

The lieutenant lay paralyzed nearly a day when he heard voices. Holding his revolver ready, he resolved to sell his life dearly. But it was the French stretcher-bearers looking for the wounded, and he wound up in the Sisters' hospital at Rouen. He could not cease marvelling that German wounded should be cared for beside him. One of these Germans, a rough common soldier, in a fit of discontent threw his bowl at a Sister's head—and a swarthy Mussulman all but strangled him for disrespect to a "maraboute." No one need fear that African Mussulmans will recognize the German Emperor's "old God."

Here at Paris I pass daily the Hospital of the Mussulman's Friends under the sign of the Red Star. Shining black Senegalese, with bandages round noses or other impossible parts, show their white teeth and seem to enjoy treatment and convalescence. One, almost a giant, acts as general shepherd dog when the little French nurse takes her boyish charges out for a bit of walk in the neighboring park. These Senegalese are genuine blacks, and they have done themselves credit all through the war—good soldiers, good fellows. They, too, merit the eulogy which an officer of twenty-five years' experience gives to the "Turcos" who fought with him in Madagascar and Indo-China, in Morocco and now on French soil against Germans: "When well commanded, the Tunisian and the Algerian, the Kabyle and the Moroccan, are admirable soldiers. We must cry it aloud—France owes a great debt to them."

The brilliant success of the French in handling such soldiers is largely due to something entirely wanting to Germans in their dealings with subordinate races. It is something which even the Englishman's fair play does not altogether supply. It is the hand-to-hand comradeship of officers and men.

A superior officer of the sharpshooters was lately back in Tunis on some military errand and was walking through the city with a chief civil official of the Regency. In the Arab crowd he suddenly espied one of his young soldiers who had been wounded by the Germans and was hobbling painfully along on crutches. He pushed forward and, regardless of the curious onlookers, put his arm around the man: "Abib! so this is what those savages have done to you. Tell me all about it." The Turco wept with joy and affection, and the officer, leaving the civilian, led him off to lunch with himself. It is the same with the Senegalese. French discipline and, most of all, French officers treat them as human, and human relations start up between them. And in this war France is reaping the fruits of her humanity.

There is a curious mixture of antique races as well as shades of color among these African troops of France. The Kabyles have been thought by some to be of the original Egyptian family which spread all along the North African coast. One thousand of these farming mountaineers were brought last July to the great grain region of the Beauce to help in the harvest, and, in spite of misgivings, they were a success. Next year, when the need of harvesters may be still greater, perhaps 50,000 of these strong, faithful workers will be at the haymaking, reaping, and vintage in France. They were paid a dollar a day, which was riches—and they were worth it. Like all the others, they take back with them a veritable education. They were cheered and managed by five old under-officers of their race from the African troops. Jews of extremely ancient settlement in Africa have also made their way in the army—though they remain less military than their neighbors.

If the war continues, next spring may see a determined effort to profit by these military resources of France, which should easily furnish 700,000 soldiers. The great difficulty is to find the under-officers, for on them will always depend the efficiency and contentment of the men. Four sons of former African kings are now lieutenants in the field, one at the Dardanelles. There are already something more than 60,000 soldiers in the mêlée. Charleroi and the marshes of Saint-Gond, the cold, damp banks of the Yser and Soissons, and the fields of Artois have seen them, as the Duke of Wellington saw Irishmen whom Britons called "aliens," do their duty.

One of the First Senegalese Regiment—a student of a French college—writes from the hospital where he is healing his wounds: "Next spring we blacks will give our lives again and show we are worthy to fight beside our white brothers for the defence of France. If I have been able to be somebody in my country, it is owing to the lessons of my French masters."

Notes from the Capital

JOHN LIND.

John Lind's tilt with Henry Lane Wilson, whatever the merits of the incident out of which it grew, was characteristic in its way. Lind has always been so noted for his freedom of speech, extending to a point which his critics called license, that there was an outburst of astonishment in Washington at his designation, soon after President Wilson entered the White House, to a quasi-diplomatic mission in Mexico, till the discovery was made that the direct responsibility for his choice lay at Mr. Bryan's door and not at the President's. Bryan said then that they wanted a man for their local observer in Mexico who had independence of judgment. Lind certainly has that, though his independence sometimes carries him to wise results and sometimes to foolish. In the latter category most intelligent Americans now would place his desertion of the sound-money cause for the silver free-coinage phantom in 1896; but Bryan profited by that, and doubtless holds to a different opinion of it from the mass of his fellow-countrymen.

Lind is a Swede by birth, a rather tall, very angular and ungainly blond man, with the spare habit and bony face of his type. He attracted no particular attention during his first service in the Fiftieth Congress as a Republican Representative from Minnesota; but the newspapers found him of some interest when, in the Fifty-first Congress, he served on the select committee that investigated the Civil Service Commission. His habitual seriousness never forsook him, though there were not a few humorous features in the course of this inquiry which aroused the mirth of his colleagues. He would sit tilted back in his swivel-chair, toying thoughtfully with a penholder in the sound hand resting on the table before him, and looking, from under brows a trifle lowering, straight at the witness on the stand for the moment. He seemed more impressed with the frequent interpolations of Commissioner Roosevelt than with the formal testimony of the other witnesses, but took no part in the examination of anybody beyond the suggestion of an idea here and there which was half comment and half question, and always pretty sharp.

Wilson is not the first person who has called Lind to account for his plainness of expression regarding matters involved in the foreign relations of the United States. In the midst of his term as Governor of Minnesota, the Boer War having broken out, he made a speech in which he declared: "England has bullied, she has robbed, she has oppressed for generations, for centuries. To-day she is despised by every self-respecting citizen in the world. Why, think of it, my friends! The Orange Free State, that noble little republic on African soil, was the first and only country in the world to copy our Constitution and make it its fundamental law, word for word, letter for letter; yet we stand idly by, not willing even to utter a word of protest against its annihilation from among the nations of the world." This drew from the British Vice-Consul at St. Paul a vigorous address to a gathering of English residents of that city, in which he denounced Lind as a blatant politician who, in proclaiming his sympathy with the Boers, was prostituting his office for votes. For a little while the yellow press in the Northwest tried to work up this clash into an international incident; but the Federal Administration refused to get excited over it, and all the agitation died down when it was learned that the Vice-Consul was an American citizen, with as good a right to speak his mind about Lind as Lind had to speak his about anybody else.

His insistence upon his freedom to express his opinions and criticise the conduct of others at such times and in such terms as best suited him contrasts oddly with Lind's own behavior towards an editor of the St. Paul *Dispatch* whom he held accountable for some rather violent strictures on his Administration as Governor which had appeared in that journal. He nursed his grievances quietly till his term had expired, and then walked into the editorial office and knocked his victim down twice, with an accompaniment of language which left no possibility of doubt as to his state of mind. The editor, curiously enough, adopted on that occasion, in extenuation of the offence of which Lind accused him, a line of argument not so very unlike that with which Lind recently waved Wilson aside, but Lind treated it as a subterfuge and declined to be moved from his purpose of vengeance. Doubtless, when called upon by Wilson to affirm or deny the statements imputed to him, Lind felt somewhat like that other Scandinavian of whom the story is told that he offered himself in marriage to a young woman, and was afterwards reproached by her for no longer caring to talk to her as usual. "No," he answered, "ah tank dey ban too much said alretty!"

TATTLER.

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Walter Bagehot

By FREDERIC J. WHITING.

Joubert reminds us that beauty and light are necessary to a proper exhibition of truth. Be profound with clear terms and not with obscure terms, he exclaims. As one goes deep into things, one must keep a charm, and one must carry into the dark depths of thought "the pure and antique clearness of centuries less learned than ours, but with more light in them." In his pure and antique clearness we find Walter Bagehot's distinguishing trait. He had a consuming passion for realities: with him ideas were merely the intellectual equivalent of facts. One is so constituted by virtue of an experiencing nature. As he himself says, it is not enough to have opportunity, it is essential to feel it. Some occasions come to all men; but to many they are of little use, and to some they are of none. Of Shakespeare he writes:

It may be said that Shakespeare's works could only be produced by a first-rate imagination working on a first-rate experience. It is often difficult to make out whether the author of a poetic creation is drawing from fancy, or drawing from experience; but for art on a certain scale the two must concur. Out of nothing, nothing can be created. Some plastic power is required, however great may be the material. And when such works as "Hamlet" and "Othello," still more, when both they and others not unequal, have been created by a single mind, it may be fairly said that not only a great imagination, but a full conversancy with the world was necessary to their production. The whole powers of man under the most favorable circumstances are not too great for such an effort. We may assume that Shakespeare had a great experience.

This gives us as clear an insight into Bagehot as into Shakespeare. From the same pen came "Economic Studies," "Lombard Street," the editorials in the *Economist*, "Physics and Politics," "The English Constitution," "Literary Studies," "Letters on the French Coup d'Etat of 1851," "Biographical Studies." Yet each embodies the "whole powers" of the man. It cannot be said that one represents more of Bagehot than another. He was not, as some have supposed, an economist given to frequent excursions into the far country of literary criticism; he was the embodiment of remarkably acute powers of observation and reflection working on multifarious and sharply diversified experiences. He was not more interested in the state of English bank reserves than in the insoluble problem of the mind of William Cowper, and he was as competent to discuss the one as the other. Though he may isolate a subject for the purpose of scientific or literary criticism, it nevertheless remains a part of his intellectual landscape, and its whole claim upon his attention springs from that fact. The play of human emotions fascinates him, whether in Lombard Street, the Tuileries, or the study of Arthur Hugh Clough, and he brings equal wit and imagination (if we may divorce two things so inseparably one) to bear upon each.

Some difference of opinion exists as to the wisdom of republishing *in extenso* what Bagehot wrote. An English critic said the other day that the collection of everything that Bagehot ever wrote did not excite his gratitude. Contrast this with Lord Bryce's letter of October 2, 1877, to R. H. Hutton: "If some of his earlier writings are, as I fancy, out of print, might it not be well to have them reissued, and would there not be, out of his letters or ephemeral articles, many that ought to be printed and would have a permanent value? His study-sweepings were better than most men's labored works." Probably most persons familiar with Bagehot will agree with Lord Bryce. It was his letter which first suggested to Hutton the idea of republishing the "Biographical and Literary Studies." Until now, however, the only uniform edition of Walter Bagehot's writings in existence was one published in 1889 by the Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., which was issued, at a nominal price, as a "souvenir." This was a notable feat for more reasons than one. Above all, it insured for Bagehot's writings the careful editing which they had so long needed. He was, as his best friends are not slow to admit, a very careless writer and proof-reader. Mr. Forrest Morgan, whom the insurance company selected as editor, evoked the admiration of Leslie Stephen, who wrote of his efforts:

Mr. Forrest Morgan labored upon Bagehot's text with a zeal unsurpassable by any editor of a classic. Bagehot was either incapable of correcting proofs or calmly indifferent to errors; his pages bristle with misprints and grammatical solecisms; he mangled quotations so strangely that it is difficult to explain how he contrived to do it, and, as he rarely gave references, the task of identifying and correcting was very laborious. Mr. Morgan's zeal was equal to the difficulty, and a British author again owes to an American the first performance of a valuable service.

"The Works and Life of Walter Bagehot"* which Mrs. Russell Barrington has just issued contains much that was missing in the American edition, and is peculiarly interesting, not merely because she was his sister-in-law, and consequently had access to facts and correspondence denied to others, but also because of a faculty which she frequently displays of catching and succinctly exhibiting the fundamental characteristics of Bagehot.

I.

Walter Bagehot was a West Countryman. For several generations the Bagehots had dwelt at Langport, a small ancient town on the River Parret, in the centre of that part of England which narrows between the Bristol and the English Channels, before it again widens out into Devonshire. It is quite unique. Viewed as a town, it is tiny, and the inhabitants do not now number eight hundred. Yet it cannot be called a village; it has a market. Its importance in history and its commercial prosperity are the results of its being the first ford from the mouth of the River Poiret. Two hills rise out of the moors half a mile apart. One of these was formerly covered by the ancient town of Langport, a crowded mass of houses, within fortified walls, interlaced with narrow alleys and crowned by a grand early perpendicular church, built on the site of a yet earlier Norman church. The opposite hill, Herd's Hill, is crowned by a group of huge elm trees, whose rounded masses of foliage rise with stately effect against the western sky. Between the two hills runs the present street of Langport, which dates back some centuries. One end is called Bow Street, the other Cheapside. In this street was Bank House, where Walter Bagehot was born. On the hill, in the direction of the church, stands Hill House, the residence, first, of the ancestors of the Bagehots, and subsequently of the Stuckey family from about 1750 until ten years ago.

About the year 1772 Samuel Stuckey founded the Somersetshire Bank, at Langport, which in time spread over the entire country, and eventually became the largest private bank of issue in England. In 1909 Stuckey's Banking Company was amalgamated with Parr's Bank.

Samuel Stuckey's niece married Thomas Watson Bagehot, who was for thirty years managing director and vice-chairman of Stuckey's Banking Company. Walter Bagehot, born February 3, 1826, was their child. Mrs. Bagehot was a very pretty and lively woman, who had, as Hutton tells us, by her previous marriage with a son of Dr. Estlin, of Bristol, been brought at an early age into an intellectual atmosphere, by which she had greatly profited. Dr. Prichard, the well-known ethnologist, was her brother-in-law, and it is more than likely that Walter Bagehot's marked taste for science was first awakened in Dr. Prichard's house in Park Row, where he often spent his half-holidays while he was a schoolboy in Bristol. It is conceivable that to Dr. Prichard's "Races of Man" may be first traced that keen interest in the speculative side of ethnological research which Bagehot displays in his work on "Physics and Politics."

Walter Bagehot was entered at University College, London, in 1842. Oxford and Cambridge were debarred to him, owing to the fact that his father was a Unitarian and objected to the doctrinal tests which were then required of the undergraduates at the older universities. Apparently Bagehot had no occasion to regret this choice, for fifteen years later he wrote, in his essay on Shelley: "A distinguished pupil of the University of Oxford once observed to us: 'The use of the University of Oxford is that no one can over-read himself there. The appetite for knowledge is repressed.'"

**The Works and Life of Walter Bagehot.* By Mrs. Russell Barrington. 10 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; $25 net.

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Bagehot was a great reader. Poetry, metaphysics, and history were his favorite studies. He was a good mathematician, and is said to have come very much under the influence of Professor Long, who was a learned and accurate student of Roman law. He took his bachelor's degree, with the mathematical scholarship, in 1846, and his master's degree in the University of London, with the gold medal in intellectual and moral philosophy and political economy, in 1848. His college life was nearly contemporaneous with the life of the Anti-Corn Law League and the agitation in favor of Free Trade. Bagehot was strongly influenced by Cobden, seldom missing an opportunity to hear him speak. On leaving the University he read law, and was called to the bar in the autumn of 1852.

In 1851 Bagehot spent some months in Paris and had a chance to study the *Coup d'Etat*. The seven letters which he wrote on that event shocked the sensibilities of Englishmen. In 1851 a number of young Unitarians undertook to help for a time in conducting the *Inquirer*, the chief organ of the Unitarian body. Laurence Hutton was one of these. J. Langton Sanford, afterwards the historian of the Great Rebellion, was another. Hutton says: "Only a denomination of 'just men,' trained in tolerance for generations, and in that respect, at least, made all but 'perfect,' would have endured it at all; but I doubt if any of us caused the Unitarian body so much grief as Bagehot, who never was a Unitarian, but who contributed a series of brilliant letters on the *Coup d'Etat*, in which he trod just as heavily on the toes of his colleagues as he did on those of the public by whom the *Inquirer* was taken." Briefly, he eulogized the Roman Catholic Church, supported the Prince President's military violence, attacked the freedom of the press in France, maintained that the country was wholly unfit for true parliamentary government, lauded Louis Napoleon himself, asserting that he had been far better prepared for the duties of a statesman by gambling on the turf than he would have been by poring over the historical and political dissertations of the wise and the good. It was not to be expected that such doctrine would be swallowed across the Channel. Crabb Robinson, for example, in speaking of him to Hutton, used ever afterwards to describe him as "that friend of yours—you know whom I mean, you rascal! —who wrote those abominable, those most disgraceful, letters. I did not forgive him for years after."

Yet beneath the reckless cynicism of "The Letters on the Coup d'Etat," so different from the moderation of Bagehot's later years, was a great amount of shrewd sense and profound political philosophy. It is here that for the first time we get a view of one of his most deeply rooted theories, namely, that free institutions are apt to succeed best with a stupid people. He writes, for example:

> I see you are surprised. You are going to say to me, as Socrates did to Polus, "My young friend, of *course* you are right, but will you explain what you mean, as you are not yet intelligible?" I will do as well as I can, and endeavor to make good what I say, not by an *a priori* demonstration of my own, but from the details of the present and from the facts of history. Not to begin by wounding any present susceptibilities, let me take the Roman character, for, with one exception—I need not say to whom I allude—they are the great political people of history. Now is not a certain dulness their most visible characteristic? What is the history of their speculative mind? A blank. What their literature? A copy. They have left not a single discovery in any abstract science, not a single perfect or well-formed work of high imagination. The Greeks, the perfection of human and accomplished genius, bequeathed to mankind the ideal form of self-idolizing art; the Romans imitated and admired. The Greeks explained the laws of nature; the Romans wondered and despised. The Greeks invented a system of numerals second only to that now in use; the Romans counted to the end of their days with the clumsy apparatus which we still call by their name. The Greeks made a capital and scientific calendar; the Romans began their month when the Pontifex Maximus happened to spy out the new moon. Throughout Latin literature this is the perpetual puzzle—why are we free and they slaves?—we prætors and they barbers? Why do the stupid people always win and the clever people always lose? I need not say that in real, sound stupidity the English people are unrivalled. You'll have more wit, and better wit, in an Irish street-row than would keep Westminster Hall in humor for five weeks. . . . These valuable truths are no discoveries of mine. They are familiar enough to people whose business it is to know them. Hear what a douce and aged attorney says of your peculiarly promising barrister: "Sharpe? Oh! yes, yes; he's too sharp, too sharp by half. He isn't safe, not a minute, isn't that young man." "What style, sir," asked of an East India director some youthful aspirant for literary renown, "is most to be preferred in the composition of official dispatches?" "My good fellow," responded the ruler of Hindustan, "the style, as *we* like, is the Humdrum."

This is the spendthrift wit of youth. Yet behind the cynicism we discover a sincere conviction which Bagehot stated time and again in his maturer years, though with more regard for tender sensibilities. Discussing Lord Eldon, in his essay on the "First Edinburgh Reviewers," he says, "As for Lord Eldon, it is the most difficult thing in the world to believe that there ever was such a man. It only shows how intense historical evidence is, that no one really doubts it. He believed in everything which it is impossible to believe in—in the danger of Parliamentary reform, the danger of Catholic Emancipation, the danger of altering the Court of Chancery, the danger of altering the Courts of Law, the danger of abolishing capital punishment for trivial thefts, the danger of making land-owners pay their debts, the danger of making anything more, the danger of making anything less." Why did the English endure the everlasting Chancellor? "The fact is, that Lord Eldon's rule was maintained a great deal on the same motives as that of Louis Napoleon. . . . He was, like the present Emperor, the head of what we call the party of order. Everybody knows what keeps Louis Napoleon in his place. It is not attachment to him, but dread of what he restrains—dread of revolution. The present may not be good, and having such newspapers is dreadful; but it is better than no trade, bankrupt banks, loss of old savings, your mother beheaded on destructive principles, your eldest son shot on conservative ones." Note the resemblance between this and the following from the second letter on the "French Coup d'Etat of 1851": "The first duty of society is the preservation of society. By the sound work of old-fashioned generations, by the singular painstaking of the slumberers in churchyards, by dull care, by stupid industry, a certain social fabric somehow exists; people contrive to go out to their work, and to find work to employ them actually until the evening, and this is what mankind have to show for their six thousand years of toil and trouble. To keep up this system we must sacrifice everything. Parliaments, liberty, leading articles, essays, eloquence—all are good, but they are secondary; at all hazards, and if we can, mankind must be kept alive."

It was probably during his stay in Paris that Bagehot gave up the idea of the law and decided to join his father in the Somersetshire Bank and in his other affairs as merchant and ship-owner. Hutton seems to think that his health, never quite secure, had something to do with this decision. Mrs. Barrington is convinced that Hutton was restrained by motives of delicacy from stating what she believes to be the real cause. It is from her account that most persons will learn for the first time that Bagehot's mother had fits of insanity. The domestic life of the Bagehot family was clouded by the melancholy fate of this clever and estimable woman, and it is more than likely that Walter Bagehot went back to Somersetshire for the sole purpose of alleviating the lot of his father. Eventually, he succeeded his father in the management of Stuckey's Bank. In 1858 he married the eldest daughter of the Right Honorable James Wilson, who had founded the *Economist* for the purpose of promulgating the doctrine of Free Trade. In 1860 Wilson died in India, where he had gone as the financial member of the Indian Council, to reduce, so far as possible, order out of the financial anarchy then prevailing there. On Wilson's departure Bagehot became editor of the *Economist*, a position which he held to the end of his life. He died in 1877.

II.

Bagehot wielded a busy pen almost from the time when he returned from Paris. His exquisite study of Hartley Coleridge was written in 1852; and this was followed by a long series of literary, biographical, and economic essays, all characterized by shrewd and penetrating observations, subtle and delicate distinctions, voluminous and pithy allusions, searching philosophy (he had mas-

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tered his Kant), profound acquaintance with political systems, common-sense political economy, and a diction which ranks him, despite his absent-mindedness in composition, with Newman and Arnold.

To most persons Bagehot is known chiefly by three works, "Physics and Politics," "The English Constitution," and "Lombard Street." Bagehot's imagination was captivated by Wallace, Darwin, Lubbock, and Sir Henry Sumner Maine, and "Physics and Politics" was the outcome. One of the peculiarities of this age, he says, is the sudden acquisition of much physical knowledge. "There is scarcely a department of science or art which is the same, or at all the same, as it was fifty years ago. A new world of inventions—of railways and of telegraphs—has grown up around us which we cannot help seeing; a new world of ideas is in the air and affects us, though we do not see it. . . . I think I may usefully, in a few papers, show how, upon one or two great points, the new ideas are modifying two old sciences—politics and political economy."

Bagehot has recently been called a great *précis*-writer. That is a most inadequate term if it is meant to imply that he was only a *précis*-writer; but if the meaning is that, among his other accomplishments, he could condense another's thought and restate it in clearer and more penetrating language, the characterization is profoundly just. Like Shakespeare and Handel, he always repays with interest: the great physicists of the nineteenth century are, in fact, in debt to Walter Bagehot—in "Physics and Politics" he has provided delightful propylæa to the study of their masterly works. It is in this work that he states his cherished theory of "imitation" with greatest clearness. He discusses nation-making and the changes that take place in national thought and feeling from age to age. Of course, he says, there was always some reason (if we could only find it) which gave the prominence in each age to some particular winning literature. There is always some reason why the fashion of female dress is what it is. But just as, in the case of dress, we know that nowadays the determining cause is very much of an accident; so in the case of literary fashion, the origin is a good deal of an accident. What the milliners of Paris, or the *demi-monde* of Paris, enjoin English ladies is, he supposes, a good deal of chance; but so soon as it is decreed, those whom it suits and those whom it does not, all wear it. The imitative propensity at once insures uniformity; and "that horrid thing we wore last year" (as the phrase may go) is soon nowhere to be seen. Just so a literary fashion spreads, though he is far from saying with equal primitive unreasonableness—a literary taste always begins on some decent reason, but once started, it is propagated as a fashion in dress is propagated; even those who do not like it read it because it is there, and because nothing else is easily to be found. The same patronage of favored forms, and persecution of disliked forms, are the main causes, too, which change national character. Certainly, the philosophy of history was never handled more familiarly, and some will think with less seriousness; but Bagehot, more than any man of his generation, with the exception of Newman, grasped the fact that the greatest of human transformations originate in the simplest and most naïve of human emotions.

As the English Constitution has been in the melting-pot ever since the Reform Act of 1867, I am not disposed to dwell on Bagehot's celebrated work on that subject. In 1872, in his introduction to the second edition, he says: "A new Constitution does not produce its full effect as long as all its subjects were reared under an old Constitution, as long as its statesmen were trained by that old Constitution. It is not really tested till it comes to be worked by statesmen, and among a people neither of whom are guided by a different experience." The change since 1865, he declared, was a change not in one point, but in a thousand points; it was a change not of particular details, but of pervading spirit. The pervading spirit born of the Reform Act of 1867 has animated the British people for half a century; few of those now influenced by it were trained by the old Constitution; it has come to be worked by statesmen, and among a people neither of whom are guided by "a different experience." Bagehot was not lacking prophetic insight. He conceived that questions might be raised which, if continually agitated, would combine the workingmen as a class together. In "The English Constitution" we again find allusion to the Englishman's love of stupid people. Speaking of a completely new House of Lords, mainly composed of men of ability, selected because they were able, he says: "In the present English world such a House of Lords would lose all its influence. People would say 'it is too clever by half,' and in an Englishman's mouth that means a very severe censure."

The changes in British politics in the last half century are not greater than the changes in British finance. In 1873 Bagehot wrote: "Since 1844 Lombard Street is so changed that we cannot judge of it without describing and discussing a most vigorous adult world which was then small and weak." The period since 1873 may fitly be described in almost the same words. For this reason, "Lombard Street," Bagehot's most widely read work, is no longer the vitalizing influence that it was. The things for which it contended have become, in very large measure, accomplished facts. Yet "Lombard Street" still remains a work of great charm and instruction. Bagehot maintained that the Bank of England was bound not only to keep a good reserve against a time of panic, but to use that reserve effectually when that time of panic came. The keepers of the banking reserve, whether one or many, were obliged then to use that reserve for their own safety. If they permitted all other forms of credit to perish, their own would perish immediately, and in consequence. It is hard to believe that this could have ever been doubted. Yet in Bagehot's day, so far as the Bank of England was concerned, a denial was entered. It was alleged that the Bank of England could keep aloof in a panic; that it could, if it would, let other banks and trades fail; that if it chose, it could stand alone and survive intact while all else perished around it. On various occasions, most influential persons, both in the government of the Bank and out of it, said that such was their opinion. The world owes it to Bagehot, in no small part, that such is no longer accepted opinion. It is a surprising fact that no one has yet called attention to the marvellous justification of Bagehot's theory of banking discoverable in the methods employed a year ago by the Bank of England in meeting the situation created by the sudden outbreak of the war.

Yet, after all that is said of his writings, it is the man himself that wins our admiration and affection. His must have been an irresistible personality. The intellect could never have slumbered while in his presence. Everything that one reads about him, and much that one reads in his published works, indicates a sensitive organization, a high spirit (as well as high spirits), a quick appreciation of everything that was just and fine. One would fail to estimate him correctly if one should say that he could be grave and gay, literal and fanciful, matter of fact and witty, in the same breath; these opposite qualities did not so much follow one another as interpenetrate one another in his discourse. He possessed both wit and humor; yet with him they were not mere playthings, but a peculiar vehicle for expressing the highest and most necessary truths.

Book Notes and Byways

ABIGAIL ADAMS AND A FORGOTTEN POET.

By JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Abigail Adams, wife of the second President of the United States, was perhaps the most remarkable woman of the American Revolution. Her published letters amply show her great qualities of mind and heart; moreover, they shed on the period a certain light which can be found in no other printed word. Although largely self-taught, Mrs. Adams was a diligent reader of the English poets and moralists, and she was particularly fond of poetry. It is therefore not in the least surprising that, when a resident of London about the year 1784, she should choose from the attractive shelves of James Dodsley, in Pall Mall, a volume of 243 pages, entitled "The English Garden: A Poem in Four Books," by W. Mason, M.A. (York, 1783), as a present for her niece, Eliza Cranch, the daughter of her elder sister, Mary.

By a lucky chance this volume has been

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saved from destruction. A few months ago, while looking over a wheelbarrow-load of rubbish in a second-hand book-shop in a small city of the Middle West, I came across a little book bound in full-calf, which, however, possessed no interest for me until I read the inscription on the fly-leaf. There in a clear, bold hand was written: "Eliza Cranch's from her Aunt A. Adams." Here, then, was an association volume of uncommon interest—an item almost unique by reason of its rarity. This particular edition of "The English Garden" is enriched with commentary and notes by W. Burgh, Esq., LL.D. The learned Doctor's contribution is of greater length than the poem itself. In 125 pages he ponderously displays his erudition and expository powers; but, unfortunately, his somnolent commentary fails to make this "polite" bit of literature more readable. Eliza, no doubt, read the poem with rapt attention. For the young woman of to-day that would be a quite impossible performance. Indeed, I know of few students of poetry who would now feel any degree of eagerness to master the contents of "The English Garden."

The Reverend Mr. Mason has long been a forgotten poet. Two things only, so far as I am aware, have served to keep his name alive: his friendship for the poet Gray, from whom he received many letters, and his famous line on Hume, which finds a place in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations":

> The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.

The line is from Mason's "Heroic Epistle" to Sir William Chambers—likewise a forgotten worthy.

Mr. Edmund Gosse tells us that Mason's letters to Gray were not infrequently "tributes to his own inordinate vanity." But in spite of this, Gray entertained a genuine friendship for the man, and speaks in the highest terms of Mason's gifts. Concerning his capacity for writing odes, Gray says: "Mr. Mason indeed of late days has touched the true chords, and with masterly hand, in some of his Choruses." And to him Gray addressed his "Comic Lines." Boaden, in his "Life of Kemble," informs us that "Mason was not meanly skilled in choral and scientific composition." The versatile clergyman also invented a musical instrument, which his friend Gray, in a letter dated May 23, 1767, calls a "zumpe." Mason was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to George the Second in 1757.

Yet he is now all but forgotten; a fact at which I did not marvel when I tried to read his poem, "The English Garden," for the sake of the noble woman, who, one hundred and thirty years before, had purchased it in a famous London book-shop as a gift for Eliza Cranch. We may here indulge only in the opening lines:

> To thee, divine SIMPLICITY! to thee,
> Best arbitress of what is good and fair,
> This verse belongs. O, as it freely flows,
> Give it thy powers of pleasing: else in vain
> It strives to teach the rules, from Nature drawn,
> Of import high to those whose taste would add
> To Nature's careless graces; loviest then,
> When, o'er her form, thy easy skill has taught
> The robe of Spring in ampler folds to flow.

The late Mr. Charles Francis Adams was much interested in my "find," as he termed it, and only a few days before his death wrote about it in part as follows:

> There can, I think, be no question whatever that the autograph is that of Mrs. Adams. Her handwriting was distinct and characteristic. I feel no hesitation on this head. It is certainly a curious "find." . . . Eliza Cranch was Mrs. Adams's niece—the daughter of her sister. There is a tract of land in the town of Quincy, Massachusetts, still known as "Cranch's pasture." On it stood the house of Judge Cranch, his brother-in-law, appointed by John Adams, if I recollect right, the first Postmaster of Quincy. The Cranch pasture subsequently passed into the possession of John Adams, and not so very many years ago it was still a cow-pasture, in which I was wont to practice and train my horses.

Mr. Adams's wonderfully rich life closed soon after writing this letter, and I like to think that the recovery of the little volume gave him pleasure.

Correspondence.

THE NATION'S WAR RELIEF FUND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I see that "O." has sent you his check for $2,000, although the condition he laid down has not been fulfilled. I see no reason why I should not do likewise as to the little contribution which I was prompted to offer in support of his scheme. I therefore enclose $200, to be divided equally between the Belgian Relief Fund, the Polish Victims' Relief Fund, the Serbian Relief Committee of America, and the Jewish Relief Society for Poland.

F. F.

New York, December 7.

"SWEET VOICES" OF CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The conjunction, in the morning's newspaper, of Secretary Garrison's hint of a possible "compelling" of military service in this country, and Myron T. Herrick's publicly announced advocacy of "universal military service" for Americans, brought to my mind a paragraph from George Gissing's incomparable book, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." Let me quote the passage here:

> "Some one, I see, is lifting up his sweet voice in praise of conscription. It is only at long intervals that one reads this kind of thing in our reviews or newspapers, and I am happy in believing that most English people are affected by it even as I am, with the sickness of dread and of disgust. That the thing is impossible in England, who would venture to say? Every one who can think at all sees how slight are our safeguards against that barbaric force in man which the privileged races have so slowly and painfully brought into check. Democracy is full of menace to all the finer hopes of civilization, and the revival, in not unnatural companionship with it, of monarchic power based on militarism, makes the prospect dubious enough. . . . But what a dreary change must come upon our islanders if, without instant danger, they bend beneath the curse of universal soldiering!"

If an Englishman, the citizen of an Old World empire, won and welded primarily by armed force, could feel thus in regard to compulsory military service, with what tenfold or hundredfold "sickness of dread and of disgust" must the possibility of this evil be viewed by Americans! For myself, nothing in all the black history of the past seventeen months seems so fraught with menace for the future—not the future of America only, but of the world. Murdered lives, squandered treasure, devastated towns—these are things over which time soon draws its veil, things which leave no ineradicable scar upon humanity's face. But national ideals, the precarious inch-by-inch growth of centuries, once cut down and trampled upon, are almost irreparably lost. A few months ago America was the hope of the world, the young Moses who alone might lead the nations out of the bondage of armaments and militarism, whose opportunity it was (the most glorious that ever presented itself to any country) to take the van in a world movement towards reason and brotherhood as opposed to the old suicidal dependence upon brute force. To-day America is embarked upon a policy that will soon make her the chief menace to world peace—the leader in a new and madder race to ruin among the nations; a policy that means the Prussianization of the entire world for an indefinite time to come. Never was a warning to mankind fulfilled more utterly than the Christian message that blazes in letters of fire and blood in the eastern sky, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword!" And yet, blinded to that message by fear and selfishness and distrust and hatred, we Americans are wildly throwing overboard all our traditions, all our Christianity, and are taking the sword. Of course we do not lack the old hypocritical mask behind which every nation and every individual, however lawless and tyrannical, has made the appeal to force. "So long as right and wrong exist in the world there will be an inevitable conflict between them. The right-doers must be prepared to protect and defend the right as against the wrong." Nor is the old sophistry lacking to darken counsel and confuse the dull-witted. "One is impelled to query upon what proper consideration there is based any distinction between the right or necessity or desirability of using mental force to repel error, moral force to repel evil, and physical force to repel wrong." There is the frightful essence of the whole matter! To Secretary Garrison, and to the average American whose mind he so well typifies, there *is* no distinction between moral suasion and brute force—Marcus Aurelius is on the same level with Attila, Christ with Wilhelm II. Ideals, traditions, moral values—what are these but "sloppy sentimentalities," the nebulous mental playthings of dreamers and mollycoddles! Let us be real men in a real world. Let us base our conduct "upon a consideration of facts or conclusions of reason." Let us have our "supreme navy," our "world's biggest guns," our conscript army, and all the rest of it. Let us lead the nations in a new and more furious dance of death than has yet been known.

Waldo R. Browne.

Wyoming, N. Y., December 10.

A FRENCH VIEW OF AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of the reports which have reached this side of the ocean that ex-President Roosevelt is so keenly disappointed in the course which the American Government has pursued in the matter of its foreign policy that "he would be ashamed to show himself in Europe," may I address to you a few reflections? Of course these problems are very delicate and complex, and I am also well aware that a foreigner should hesitate to intrude in affairs of this kind. But, on the one hand, my attachment for America is so strong that I do not look upon it as a wholly foreign

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land to me; and, on the other hand, it is not my intention in this letter to try and settle the question myself. I wish simply to draw the attention of your readers to one of the aspects of it with which they may not be thoroughly acquainted; and, furthermore, they will be quite free to attach whatever importance they may see fit to what I say.

I refer to the incontestable fact that the present attitude of the United State, at least as it appears from this distance, is producing here in Europe a very unfavorable impression.

But I hasten to add that this feeling is far from being associated with all Americans. Those who know and understand your country make a marked distinction between the two sorts of citizens which you have on your side of the Atlantic—those who practice truly the free spirit of America, and those who do not. There are those who, like Mr. Roosevelt and others, wished to come to the defence of Belgium when her neutrality was violated, recognized as it was by the signature of the United States in the conventions of The Hague, or at least give of their riches and their devotion, as so many of your countrymen and women are doing in this Ambulance, to the victims of this atrocious war. But there are others who, too inclined to put first considerations of their own profit, their own quiet, and their own safety, seem to have as their only care the maintenance of peace at any price, forgetting, as Mr. Roosevelt has well said, that, though war is a great evil, it is not the greatest evil. Shame on him who would not prefer the glorious martyr Belgium, victim of its respect for its plighted word, to the tranquil and despicable lot of Greece, refusing to carry out the stipulations of its treaty with Servia, because the danger is too great!

I would not be misunderstood. The friends of America on this side of the ocean do not exactly complain because she does not take part in the war; they are ready to let her be the judge of her duty in this matter, and, furthermore, they fully appreciate the great service she is doing the cause of the Allies by the single fact of her business transactions with them. What afflicts us who have a warm affection for your grand country is to see the American name lose little by little its ancient prestige and fall from the high rank which it once held in the eyes of the other nations. It is hard for us to hear repeated so often over here railleries like this:

"They are easy-going, your Americans! They threaten, and then they are treated in just the way they said they must not be treated! Then they get angry, but again no attention is paid to their anger. They protest once more, but less and less attention is paid to their protest, for it is felt that words and not acts are to be the order of the day. And now they are not even able to prevent a foreign nation from sowing discord among them, causing fires, explosions, and attempts at murder. One asks how much further their patience will go."

But thanks to the views and acts of a large portion of the American public, we are able to reply:

"You have no right to judge the United States by the newly-arrived citizens, who are not yet completely freed from the influences of their former home. Judge her by her real children, the worthy descendants of the companions of Washington and Lafayette; those who were born on American soil, and have drawn from the generous land the sentiments of true honor, the love of justice and real liberty. They are the *élite* of the nation; they are its heart and intelligence. It is their mission to educate their fellow citizens, and in all great crises like the present they end by having the last word. Once again the future will prove the correctness of this assertion."

Such is our reply, and I feel sure that you will approve of it. ABBE FELIX KLEIN.

Chaplain of the American Ambulance.

Neuilly, near Paris, November 29.

SEX IN FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Might I be permitted to append my feeble chirp to Mr. Sherman's magnificent three-page excoriation of Mr. Dreiser and the American realists, and at the same time to air a little grievance of my own?

I am on the executive committee of our local book club. Last winter, for some reason, fiction was hard to come by. The level was low. Such as they were, we got together a tolerably representative lot of reasonably recent novels, English, French, and American; and of all these books—thirty in number—just two were vivid and alive: Mr. Dreiser's "Financier" and Mr. Adams's "Clarion." Unlike as these two books were, they had one peculiarity in common: trenchant and sure when they dealt with the world of men, they became inept, silly, and coarse when they touched the world of sex. I think Mr. Sherman is most unjust to Mr. Dreiser's handling of his financier's business side. That seemed to me masterly; but when it comes to the financier's "softer" side—well, Mr. Sherman's treatment errs, if at all, on the side of gentleness.

And now comes my grievance. This autumn we went forth again to forage for our winter supply of literature, turning eagerly to the two men who had so impressed us the year before, to find that Mr. Dreiser had given to the waiting world a book which he called "The Genius," but on which we bestowed the sub-title "The Amatory Adventures of a Consummate Cad," and forthwith discarded; while Mr. Adams had produced something called "Little Miss Grouch." Possibly we were hasty, but it seemed to us to call for neither sub-title nor examination.

Now this is odd. Americans, who are second to no men in fineness of feeling towards women, seem to be constitutionally incapable of handling the sex motive in fiction. They are either coarse, like Mr. Dreiser; silly, like Mr. Adams and Mr. Chambers, or frigid, like Mr. Churchill and Judge Grant. So why can't they leave it alone? Frenchmen handle it cleverly, Englishmen gracefully—why not leave it to them? They can be relied upon to keep up our interest in the subject. Heaven knows, they give us enough of it! Sex—*sex*—SEX! Until the cloyed reader cries out with Solomon, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love!" Even Mr. Sherman in his review treats it as if in fiction it was the only thing that mattered; but really, as dear old grouchy Carlyle remarked, laying down a recent book by a lady novelist, a forerunner of the present school, for most of his great contemporaries used sex merely as a pin to hold their plot together—such a bent, inadequate, brassy pin, it's a pity they used it at all! "It is a biological fact that only one form of organism exists for that and that alone—the coral polyp."

Defoe, and later Stevenson, greatly daring, threw away the pin. There is no reason to suppose Mr. Stevenson's pirates in "Treasure Island" were sexless. He merely didn't touch that side of them. It was not necessary. There were no women on the Caribbean—there aren't many on the Stock Exchange. After all, men occasionally, in life, keep the two sides separate. M. A. A.

Concord, Mass., December 9.

CLASON'S TWO BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall be grateful for space to make an inquiry. In collecting notes on the very numerous attempts to continue Byron's "Don Juan," I have found references to two such poems by Isaac Starr Clason, one, "The Ingenious Forgeries of Don Juan," 1825 (see Sabin's "Bibliotheca Americana"), the other, "Don Juan, Cantos IX, X, and XI," Albany, 1823 (see Cushing's "Anonyms"). Neither of these is at Harvard, Columbia, in the Harris collection at Brown, in the Library of Congress, or in the New York Public Library. In the catalogue of the last named library an anonymous "Continuation," London and Oxford, 1825, is incorrectly ascribed to Clason on the evidence of a pencilled note on the title-page of the copy there. Prof. W. E. Leonard ("Byron and Byronism in America," p. 93) describes one of Clason's continuations, but he is unable to tell me where he saw the copy, his notes being now inaccessible. I may add that the spurious cantos published by Duncombe, London, 1825, are not by Clason. Can any one tell me where to find copies of Clason's two books?

SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Bryn Mawr, December 2.

TRUTH IN WINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following *goguette* from Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes" will perhaps bear repetition as a relatively obscure document. The capping epigram itself is for deftness and pungency worth a classification with Johnson's best ("Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," Fourth Edition, p. 261).

"It was, however, unlucky for those who delighted to echo Johnson's sentiments, that he would not endure from them to-day, what perhaps he had yesterday, by his own manner of treating the subject, made them fond of repeating; and I fancy Mr. B—— has not forgotten, that, though his friend one evening in a gay humor talked in praise of wine as one of the blessings permitted by heaven, when used with moderation, to lighten the load of life, and give men strength to endure it; yet, when in consequence of such talk *he* thought fit to make a Bacchanalian discourse in its favor, Mr. Johnson contradicted him somewhat roughly as I remember; and when to assure himself of conquest he added these words, 'You must allow me, Sir, at least that it produces truth; *in vino veritas*, you know, Sir'—'That (replied Mr. Johnson) would be useless to a man who knew he was not a liar when he was sober.'"

STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

Swarthmore, Pa., December 10.

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Literature

A SOCIALIST GENIUS.

Jean Jaurès: L'Homme—le Penseur—le Socialiste. By Charles Rappoport. Paris: L'Emancipatrice. 5 francs.

At the first page of this "book on Jaurès" —for it is that rather than a life—our breath is fairly taken away by words of Anatole France:

> I will give you a preface in which I shall try to follow out your thought and pay homage to the greatest genius of modern times. But it would be impossible for me to write a line of such work during the war. . . . After the war the genius and work of Jaurès, which you have made to live again, shall serve us for a guide and inspiration.

To genius in the Aristotelian explanation —superior power of putting two and two together—Jaurès might well lay claim. So, too, in Cousin's sense of power of continuous application. Like Dr. Samuel Johnson, his communicativeness equalled his receptivity, while, unlike the English doctor, he had, with tireless strength of body, that devouring activity of both body and mind which is characteristic of Frenchmen at their best. As a rhetorician he was the equal of Gambetta, who was comparatively uneducated and without Jaurès's mental readiness of resource; and he was superior in the power of consistent thinking and in personal character, though inferior, in political sense, to Mirabeau, the other Frenchman whom he most resembled.

While waiting for Anatole France's study of the genius, we may accept for the man a formula of Dr. Johnson. He had just warned Boswell: "'Never believe extraordinary characters which you hear of people. Depend upon it, Sir, they are exaggerated. You do not see one man shoot a great deal higher than another.' I mentioned Mr. Burke. Johnson—'Yes; Burke *is* an extraordinary man. His stream of mind is perpetual.'" No genius of modern times had a stream of life more abundant and perpetual than Jean Jaurès. Yet, on the whole, we might have expected from him something more—something to endure in intellectual production or political reform or social transformation.

In this book, though long in parts and in others obscured by the smoke of recent conflicts, we have materials for judging a great man and an important life; and it is likely to remain for a long time our chief source of information. The speeches and newspaper articles in which Jaurès uttered himself to France day after day, year after year, except in extracts such as are here given have passed with their occasion. This is the common fate of politicians, unless, like Burke, they take time to elaborate masterpieces. Gambetta has left scarcely more than a few happy formulas which he threw into the balance of history. Jaurès has a better chance of furnishing to the rhetoric of the future fragments like the classical *conciones* with which Roman history has been taught in France ever since the Renaissance. Of the Jaurès all but unknown in foreign countries, there is something else that may be more enduring than his eloquence. It is the philosophic mind which shows itself in the pages of his "Socialist History," particularly of the French Revolution.

The author of this book is an old and close friend and associate of Jaurès, but he is no Boswell:

> I have limited myself to the modest rôle of secretary of Jaurès's thoughts, and of the events which called them forth. Indeed, I might have called my book "Jaurès, Told and Explained by Himself." . . . I have tried, while explaining the *essentials* of his life and work, to settle their fundamental idea and directing principle. I flatter myself that I have found the intimate bond that existed between his whole political and social action and his philosophical ideas, which are little known, and so much the more wrongly known.

The middle-class quality—*bourgeoisie*—of Jaurès's family and surroundings is more important in considering his career than his birth in the South of France, although *méridionaux* like himself have had more than their share of political influence. Henri Martin, in his monumental wall-painting in the Salle des Illustres of the Capitole of Toulouse, has Jaurès conspicuous with the others. His uncle was an Admiral who sat as a Republican Senator and was Ambassador at Madrid and St. Petersburg (as it was then) and, as Minister of Marine, lived to face in Parliament his nephew, who was already a disquieting Republican, but not yet a Socialist.

Most *bourgeois* of all was the education of Jaurès, first at his provincial college, then at the Paris Lycée, where he won his baccalaureate at nineteen, and lastly at the old and world-famous Ecole Normale, where he was fed on the purest fruit of the Humanities. At the age of twenty-two he came out an *agrégé* (accepted state professor) of the University of France along with Bergson, who has stuck to philosophy. Jaurès also went forth to teach philosophy for two years in a women's college at Albi, and for two years more he lectured in the University Faculty of Toulouse; but then, in 1885, at twenty-six, he was elected to Parliament—and so finally escaped into politics. Six years later, when his fame as a politician and orator was already established, he went back to pass his two theses for the University doctorate—one a bulky volume in French on "The Reality of the World of Sense," and the other, in Latin, on "The Origins of German Socialism."

Here the distinction of the Man, the Thinker, and the Socialist (which is the somewhat arbitrary division of this book) all but ceases, for never was a public career so underlain by one system of thought and method of thinking. Jaurès, with all his genius, was the *vir systematicus*. His thought was not original, and the consistency of his thinking was in great part an acquirement of superior intellectual training; but there was all the impressiveness of unity and quantity in the result. He was not merely, as Mirabeau's father reproached his son, a "swallower of formulas"; but he deserved fully the veteran philosopher Renouvier's reproach against most systems, that they are forever "realizing abstractions." In working out his Socialism, philosophical as it was, Jaurès seems not to have been trained to that unremitting recall of speculative generalities to real individuals which John Stuart Mill, who was almost the first to segregate the moral sciences, made their necessary condition. "Only particulars do exist," said John Locke, translating the *Tantum singularia existunt* of scholasticism.

Jaurès himself noted very properly in his thesis:

> If Karl Marx had not had the Hegelian dialectic imprinted in his mind, he would not have attached the whole economic movement of England to such Socialist dialectic. England furnished the facts, but German philosophy interpreted them. When you penetrate German Socialism, you find it includes a philosophy. It pretends that in history and political economy there is a certain dialectic which changes the forms of things and the relations of men. It defines liberty, not as an abstract faculty of choosing between contraries or a hypothetical independence of each citizen taken individually, but as the veritable basis of the equality of men and their communion. . . . To German Socialism, accordingly, there is attached a solid dialectical doctrine of the Universal Becoming, of human liberty, of Nature and God.

In plain language, such Socialism does not seem to allow the individual citizen, as a matter of right, to do what he pleases, but only as a matter of social expediency. Tocqueville noted that, all through the French Revolution, in spite of the proclamation of the Rights of Man, liberty was confounded with equality. Tocqueville perhaps, and Jaurès certainly, were not acquainted with the words which John Adams wrote in 1766 in praise of the British Constitution, while he was leading Americans to an independent imitation of it: "Liberty is its end, its use, its designation, drift, and scope, as much as grinding corn is the use of a mill."

German philosophic Socialism, under its mask of Internationalism, was to take full possession of the thinking and speaking mill which Jaurès had become. His last pained astonishment, before a criminal fool struck him down, was to find the Internationalism disclosing stubborn Germanism behind it in fundamental accord with Prussian militarism.

With this clue the open-eyed reader will be able to thread the labyrinth of Jaurès's thought as presented in this book, where much truth is often inverted and confused. Above all, a firm hold on Americanism, so far as it has been worked out, is necessary to avoid being swamped in all this Socialism which, in the reality of human lives, has never been worked out at all.

It is plain that Jaurès, in his conception of the state as it is to be constituted by Socialism, that is, of the human community

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as he would have it reorganized for the Society of the future, had no notion of liberty and authority essentially different from that which he found in the traditions of the French Revolution. This is why the work of Jaurès, which is least known abroad—his "History of the Revolution"—is the most important for the student who would understand:

It is from the Socialist point of view that we wish to recount to the people, to workmen, to peasants, the events which developed themselves from 1789 to the end of the nineteenth century. . . . How and through what crises, by what efforts of men and what evolution of things, did the proletariat grow to the decisive part which it shall play to-morrow? It is this which all of us [the many-volumed book was the work of several authors, along with Juarès] militant Socialists purpose recounting. We know that economic conditions, the form of production and property, are the foundation depths of history. And, while the economic life is indeed the foundation and the upward spring of human history, through all the succession of social forms Man, a thinking force, aspires to the full life of thought, to the ardent communion of unquiet mind, avid of unity, with the mysterious universe.

That liberty is the atmosphere in which man must breathe, no matter what the economic life, Jaurès and his masters did not know. "Also, our interpretation of history shall be at once materialist with Marx and mystic with Michelet."

In fact, Jaurès's whole theory of the state differs only in the location of the seat of authority from the previous absolute sovereignty. This the Revolution picked up when monarchy went to pieces, and transmitted it, whole and entire, to successive empires and monarchies and republics of France. Between this and the American idea of a primordial limitation of government itself—a restriction of the authority of the very community over the individuals composing it—the great Atlantic gulf between Europe and America is still fixed.

Even the sovereign independence of the judicial power which has created English liberties and, in spite of minor failures, still conserves American freedom amid "knavish politics," has won scant recognition and less esteem in France. American democracy, in which rule should work from the town-meeting up instead of from some convention down, seems, in France, to Socialists and Radicals and Conservatives alike, little better than Prince Kropotkin's Utopia based on the Russian *mir*. Logically, in the Socialism of Jaurès, the Government of the United States could be little more in theory than anarchy tempered by a judicial system, or in practice other than a capitalist machine. He seems never to have thought it worth his serious attention.

This inherent contradiction of the theory of German Socialism and its French derivatives with Americanism as it has grown up from the beginning is best heard in utterances of Jaurès where, to every thoughtful American, he was quite right in practice. In answer to unfair and untruthful attacks on his private life, such as one who breaks away from the social traditions to which he was born must always undergo, Jaurès wrote (the attack contrasted his little daughter's first communion with his Socialist severity to religion):

Never did I say that the Socialist party, when master of the state, will use violence in the state to abolish traditional worship. Never have I appealed to anything but the gradual organization of liberty and the intimate strength of science and reason. I do not believe that by Hébert's procedure we shall get the better of religion (*venir à bout de la religion*).

Surely, in the American sense, not "state" nor government nor any ruling majority has right or power to "abolish," either with or without "violence," or to "organize," gradually or at all, any human activity which is not comprised within the constitutionally limited sphere of government. Religion, in particular, so far from the state having the right "to get the better of it," is altogether removed from the control even of the entire community. Religious liberty—or any other liberty, if it is to have any meaning at all—must mean this. And "liberty" is not "toleration," the state which can tolerate being also capable not to tolerate.

This incomprehension of Jaurès was never so manifest as in the Parliamentary debates preceding the law "separating" the churches (Roman Catholic, Calvinist, and Luthern Reformed, and Jewish religious organization) from the French state. This separation mainly consisted in the withdrawal of state subsidies and the consequent cessation of the preceding state control over nominations of the clergy. The state regulation of religious communities had been secured by a previous law. Jaurès was chiefly responsible for the voting of the famous Article VIII, making it impossible for Catholics to accept their organization into the *associations cultuelles* which the law imposed on them, since it made such organization incompatible with the essentials of their religion. This is in direct contradiction with American religious practice, and has ended, in France, by making the law inoperative and leaving an uncertain, if not dangerous, civil status to religious organizations. In this, Jaurès overbore the superior political sense of Briand, who reported the bill in Parliament.

In the better known transformation of the Dreyfus case into the Dreyfus affair—of the revision of a military tribunal's judgment against an army officer into such a political campaign as even Revolutionary France seldom experienced—Jaurès was not of the first hour. It is true that, without the campaign, the judgment might never have been reversed. It was Senator Ranc who first grasped the political opportunities of what in other countries would have remained a judicial case; and he succeeded in founding on it many generations of Radical rule. But he could not have succeeded if Jaurès had not awakened Socialists, against the judgment of older leaders, to possibilities which have made their vote in Parliament the turning-point of French policy ever since. In the judicial order, it may be doubted if the "case" has accomplished the reform in military or even civil tribunals which should have been its natural issue.

One of the most interesting chapters of this book is devoted to the "affair." The author, who was by Jaurès's side during its whole course, uses a fairness and moderation in his formulas which may astound foreigners who remember only the fury of the conflict. He has passed over the foolish, reckless, unscrupulous anti-Semitism which, if it did not invent the case, started the campaign—to its own well-merited disablement:

The Dreyfus affair concerned directly the army. High chiefs committed the fault of joining closely together their honor and that of the army with a judicial error having a material forgery as its basis. . . . From the Dreyfus affair issued, as from its immediate source, the precipitate action of "laicization" and democratization of France during the whole period of the most democratic Ministries which this country has known—that of Waldeck-Rousseau and Millerand and that of Combes.

Millerand, who later was the antagonist of Jaurès the Pacifist, was his early Socialist comrade just when Socialism was becoming a political power. It was then Clemenceau alertly took his party designation "Radical Socialist," saying: "I am Socialist, but not Collectivist." With Jaurès as "dictator" under Combes, France might have thought this, which came to be the governmental designation, was reversed.

Jaurès, though he seems not to have had the political sense to initiate, did have the readiness to profit by opportunities which others opened to him and his International Socialism. Only a world-war could sweep all away before him—and he died before he saw the full extent of the catastrophe to which his pacifism had helped to lead.

In his last speech—at Brussels, four days before all able-bodied Frenchmen were called to arms—he vouched for the French Government "practicing a policy of peace" and "wishing peace":

Attila is on the brink of the abyss, but his horse still stumbles and hesitates. . . . If appeal is made to a secret treaty with Russia, we shall appeal from it to the public treaty with Humanity. . . . At the beginning of war everybody will be hurried away. But when consequences and disasters unfold, the peoples will say to those who are responsible, "Get you gone, and God pardon you!"

At this writing—sixteen months later, months of wider and more cruel war than the world has seen before—Humanity has not been substituted for *Patrie*, the country of men's flesh and blood, nor has any people yet called monarchs or military aggressors to account. The author of this necessary book on Jaurès, while trying to save the future prospect of his life-work, acknowledges for the present:

What Jaurès feared has happened. Political and military reaction, pushing the world

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into an abyss of bloody adventure without precedent, has destroyed the weak guarantees of peaceful evolution. . . . It has put in the order of the day—Revolution.

CURRENT FICTION.

David Penstephen. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Three years ago five of Mr. Pryce's novels were published in America. The earlier stories were brilliant, but experimental and uneven. "Christopher" evidently represented his matured work, and with "Christopher" the present novel is naturally to be compared. They are both "life" stories, tracing the development of a human character from earliest childhood to maturity. David Penstephen is still a very young man when we part with him; but he has passed through fire, and his road lies clear before him. As for the character of his ordeal, it is very old-fashioned and very British. The time is late Victorian, from the sixties to the eighties (the period, we may note, of the author's own youth). This accounts, perhaps, for the fact that one fancies that there are traces of De Morgan, not only in the atmosphere, but in the manner, of the performance. Here, as Mr. Pryce suggests in one passage, is the England of Du Maurier. Here is an England still dominated by an ideal of passionate domesticity, still in practice worshipping the twin idols of Property and Family. It is as secret worshippers of these idols that the Penstephens come to grief. David Penstephen's father, rebelling against the smug conventions of society, has registered his protest by not formally marrying the woman of his choice. She is the old-fashioned type, the clinging-vine type, capable of infinite yielding to the authority of love, yet at heart obeisant to the more menacing authorities of church and caste. This is true despite her coming of "advanced" parents, as well as her union with an advanced mate. Penstephen's own people have refused to recognize the mother of his two children, and social difficulties have virtually exiled them from England, when the man at last realizes the woman's unhappiness and marries her. On the heels of this step comes the sudden news that, by one of those double fatalities so dear to the British romancer, Penstephen is become a baronet, and head of a family. And at this moment, the moment of their return home to take up their places as responsible members of society, the wife finds that she is to have another child. Here is our situation: the deadly wrong they have done their first-born, not by bringing him into the world without a name, but by making him ineligible to inherit property and title. The pathos of the ensuing narrative all centres here; it is rubbed in with unflagging diligence and seriousness. And we are required to believe not only that David's parents fail to tell him of his disability, but that he grows to manhood without discovering it. If we accept the premises, we are left free to acknowledge that the conclusion is worked up to with great skill and subtlety. David's growing sense of a mystery at the roots of his life is built up by cumulative allusions and inferences, which prepare the scene, quite in the De Morgan manner, for the predestined moment of rather brutal enlightenment. David comes through it all as triumphantly as the precedents permit. But the precedents (pitilessly British and "Victorian" to the end) can only yield him a forlorn and private pedestal, as an object quite as much of pity as of admiration.

Barnavaux. By Pierre Mille. Translated by Bérengère Drillien. New York: John Lane Co.

The title of this English version of "Sur la Vaste Terre" is not especially happy, since M. Mille's Barnavaux appears in only four of the ten tales in the collection. In a vague way Barnavaux may be called the Mulvaney of that story-teller who has with the vaguest appositeness been called the French Kipling. As with Mulvaney, the exploits which now and then lift him from the ranks are always followed shortly by exploits of a different sort, with the opposite result. But they both love moral liberty, and find it, by a familiar paradox, in the rôle of the subordinate. The episodes in which Barnavaux here figures are characteristic. In "Barnavaux, General," he puts down by sheer courage and effrontery an insurrection of natives against a lonely French post in Madagascar. In "Barnavaux, Statesman," he tells the story of a native woman who has refused to give herself to him because she is a slave, and it is unfitting that his son—the son of a god—should be a slave. This worship of the white man must be maintained, says Barnavaux, if he is to continue his rule. The others must be kept in ignorance. "We must not take the niggers out of their own country," he concludes simply; "we must not show them how we live at home, or there will be an end to our superiority and prestige." In another tale, of a French conscript who, being a Socialist, feigns blindness and escapes service, and then, as a man, debates the ethics of his act with the major he has deceived, M. Mille probes deep into the question of patriotism and its justification. The longest of the stories, "Ramary and Ketaka," presents without comment a picture of a double ménage involving two young Frenchmen and their little Malagasy "wives."

The Anvil of Chance. By Gerald Chittenden. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

For some reason the schoolmaster is not often selected as a hero by the novelists; it seems to be felt that there is something essentially unheroic about the profession. Robert Brooke, Mr. Chittenden's hero, shares this feeling; he is rather ashamed of his job, and likes to pose as a journalist or something else whenever he gets the chance. In fact, he is an inveterate poser. As a college freshman, he adopted from a senior a working philosophy of life. "If you are walking with two other men, always manage to walk between them. People notice that sort of thing." Literally and figuratively, we are told, he has followed this advice; his acts are nearly always calculated with a view to making a favorable social impression. Fortunately for himself, on his first day of teaching he loses his temper under strong provocation and knocks down the biggest boy in the room; but the excellent effect produced by this spontaneous act does not suggest to him that his general course has been mistaken. He associates chiefly with the more superficial and cynical of his colleagues, and comes to regard the life of a teacher as necessarily narrowing. Nevertheless, he has good stuff in him; the trouble is that his whole scale of values is wrong. What he needs is some vital revolutionizing experience—a shock violent enough to break that false scale and force him to adopt a truer one. Through his very habit of posing he is driven against his will into such an experience, which need not here be described. The book is evidently a first novel; it bears the marks of youth, especially a certain rather conscious cleverness in the dialogue. But the central character is drawn with real insight, the pictures of life in a boys' school are excellent, and the story is thought-provoking.

God's Man. By George Bronson-Howard. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

One is tempted to dismiss Mr. Howard's effort as melodramatic clap-trap, but a careful study of its turbid length discloses occasional bits of verity and honest realism. Indeed, if it were not for the aggregation, the constant forced straining after atmosphere, the utter lack of sense of proportion, "God's Man" might have been a good book, almost a great book. As it stands, it is neither. It is merely the somewhat amateurish product of a man who dimly glimpsed a big idea. Concretely put, "God's Man" is the story of Arnold L'Hommedieu, son of a race of Long Island preachers, dedicated to the ministry, who, in his efforts to help others, finds himself plunged deeper and deeper into disgrace, until, at last, he consorts with thieves and smugglers. What plot there is revolves about the experiences of himself and two friends, who are all three expelled from college for their part in showing up a young scoundrel who had preyed on a weaker classmate. The lesson it pretends to teach is summed up in the words of a lonely philosopher, who advises L'Hommedieu on his final night of Calvary, when he faces the alternative of easy flight from justice or surrender, to take his punishment, and prove thereby that "the System was guilty, not the man." Argues the philosopher: "It was necessary that so-called Civilization should drag down a man meant to be good and force him to do evil. . . . Too many of the weak and helpless and ignorant and hungry had been sacrificed in previous warnings—and to what end? It was too easy for them to fall, too brutally easy for

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so-called Civilization to kick them while they were down. . . . So somebody had to be sacrificed who hadn't any of the mob's ugly little reasons for rebellion. . . . And, above all, a man who would finally come before the Law, and stand his trial, and show that it was helping that brought him there, not hurting. Can't you see? From the first God meant it that way. That was why every time you helped another you hurt yourself."

The book is ambitiously planned, in broad, sweeping style; but it lacks the breath of life. Its characters move puppet-wise from page to page, talking, eating, acting existences that seldom approach the verge of reality. The bare truth is that one puts it down with the impression that some typical work of Mr. Wells has been carelessly Americanized—but, then, Mr. Wells would have polished off the rough edges, would have left a symmetrical whole.

NATURAL ARISTOCRACY.

Aristocracy and Justice. Shelburne Essays. Ninth Series. By Paul Elmer More. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Most of the essays of the present volume were written for the *Unpopular Review.* This will explain why, as a whole, they differ in character from the literary and biographical analyses of previous series. Mr. More writes as usual with a grace of style which is the expression of a scholarly and disciplined mind. As a literary product, however, the present seems less attractive than former series. Evidently, Mr. More is at his best in the analysis of the individual. At any rate, it seems that the essays of the present series suffer from being brought together. Each a pleasure and a stimulus when read by itself, the combined effect is that of a too extended homily, in which the denunciation of evil tendencies tends to overshadow and obscure the outlines of the positive theory of good.

In taking the side of "aristocracy" and of "justice," Mr. More stands firmly for the Platonic and Aristotelian conception of an ordered society based upon distinctions of intelligence and merit, as against modern "humanitarianism" and "democracy"; in "humanitarianism" his readers will recognize the social equivalent of romanticism. The political philosophy of the Greeks was based upon intelligence, which Mr. More defines as (it seems, exclusively) the faculty of making distinctions; and therefore upon fact. Modern humanitarianism rests, however, upon an appeal to the emotions. Sympathy with the under dog leads us to overlook those distinctions of merit and capacity which form the basis of justice, and from moral distinctions the attitude is extended to intellectual distinctions. One man's opinion, we hear, is as good as another's; the uninformed are as much to be trusted as the informed. But really they know a little more. For the essence of romanticism is to believe that, in the end, the children of nature are endowed with an insight somewhat superior to that of the children of light.

As against this, Mr. More stands for a "natural aristocracy," that is, an aristocracy based upon merit rather than upon hereditary privilege or prescriptive right—reminding us, indeed, that the purpose of every theory of social and political relations is to find a method for putting each individual into his proper place. But how a respect for the superior is to become a recognized institution, he does not tell us; perhaps he remembers that upon this point Plato was equally at a loss. Addressing himself to educated men, however, he calls upon them to stand for their own, to speak the truth as they see it, without regard to the offence given to popular sympathies. We have heard much of late years about "class-consciousness"; it is time that class-consciousness be developed among men of superior intelligence.

Thus far we may follow him. Nor may we doubt that the sermon is timely. It is hardly too much to say that pandering to the multitude is our national American vice; nor, again, that the fact stands for a general flabbiness of mind. In the small town one learns that the first article of virtue is to avoid being a "knocker"; in other words, find out what is pleasing to your fellows and stand for it. Nor is the vice confined to the uneducated. When one hears the modern college professor explaining to only too credulous students that the really educative and enlightening features of the college life are the sports and the "interests," one feels inclined to apply Mr. More's epithet, "a traitor to his class."

According to Mr. More, however, the cure for "democracy" is not more democracy, but better democracy. This seems harmless enough. But we have just read that "better democracy" consists "in bringing the people to respect and follow their right leaders." And this we beg leave to doubt. Following the leader seems hardly to belong to any sort of democracy. The phrase is significant, however, as revealing a set of implications, running throughout the volume, which, in the opinion of the reviewer, are incompatible both with justice and with any genuine aristocracy. Mr. More calls upon the upper class of educated men to stand for themselves, while in the same breath he resents a similar attitude on the part of the presumably lower class representing manual labor. Trade-unionism he treats as a species of "humanitarianism." The upper classes are, therefore, to be guided by their own intelligence, while the lower classes are to defer to the intelligence of their superiors. In a word, the doctor is to prescribe to his patient, but the patient is not even to choose his doctor. One wonders how this differs from a "prescriptive" aristocracy—and, indeed, whether Mr. More's rejection of prescriptive distinctions is not, after all, a reluctant concession to "humanitarianism." Not only is the programme futile, it is not aristocratic. A genuine aristocracy must be able to maintain itself in the face of criticism. The power of ideas is their power to convert; not their power to please—on this point we can agree heartily—but their power to convert even the unwilling by the appeal to reason. The appeal to reason presupposes, however, some respect for the intelligence of those to whom it is made.

One of the difficulties in coming to terms with Mr. More lies in his use of the term "democracy." As a classical scholar, he seems to have followed a usage too narrowly etymological. For Plato, "democracy" was simply the rule of the mob; and the political demagogue who, in our day, proves his democracy by a noble and well advertised refusal to wear evening dress, is still the Platonic sort of democrat. Meanwhile the term is used quite as often, as the mark of a political and social ideal, by those who would abhor the appeal to the mob. For them it stands for the free and fearless discussion of opinion and for a state of society in which every one has the chance to show what he is worth. In this sense democracy is not only compatible with aristocracy, but the presupposition of any *natural* aristocracy. Perhaps this is the "better democracy" that Mr. More has in mind. At any rate, we may agree upon the statement that the cure for humanitarianism is intellectual courage.

PERSIA.

A History of Persia. By Lieut.-Col. Percy Molesworth Sykes. With maps and illustrations. 2 volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $15 net.

The need of an up-to-date history of Persia has long been felt as a desideratum; and Col. Sykes, now Sir Percy Sykes, has at last supplied the lacuna by two important volumes. His twenty-one years of official residence and travel in the Land of the Lion and the Sun as a representative of the British Government, together with special studies and researches as a scholar in the field of Persian lore, have combined to qualify him in a marked degree to fulfil the task. The dedication of his *magnum opus* to British administrators in India and at Whitehall is a mark of distinguished appreciation of governmental recognition of the historical and political importance of Persia; and between the lines may likewise be read a direct sympathy with Persia itself, born of a long residence among its people and fostered by a knowledge of the ties that bind East and West together.

The Persia of antiquity, or Iran in its broadest sense, though shrunk to its present minor measure, was the greatest Power with which the Western world came into contact and conflict in ages past. The country has never lost its significance for those who watch historically and politically the chances and changes in the Region of the Dawn. Kingdom after kingdom has passed away, dynasty after dynasty succeeded one another, in the more than three thousand years of

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its history, but never without having some bearing upon the relations between Orient and Occident. Especially is this true at the present time because of Persia's geographical connection with India and the adjacent domains in Central Asia, both of which England and Russia watch over to-day with keen statesmanlike interest. It is no wonder that some eight years ago they formed together an Anglo-Russian *entente* with regard to their respective spheres of influence in this country which possesses economic possibilities yet wholly undeveloped, especially as Persia is still entirely without railways.

Almost all of the historic writers on this country of a mighty past and vast extent that once reached from Greece on the west to the river Indus on the east, and from Egypt and Arabia to the borders of Turkestan, now under Russian sway, have been used to excellent advantage by the author in compiling his noteworthy work. The Greek and Roman classics combined with Oriental sources, old and new, come in for due consideration. But among Sir Percy's more immediate English predecessors as historians in this particular field may be mentioned Sir John Malcolm, whose "History of Persia," however, was published as long ago as 1829 and has been out of date for years. Well-known, of course, is the monumental work by Canon George Rawlinson—"Five Great Monarchies"—but that was written a half-century ago. Lord Curzon's "Persia and the Persian Question," though a storehouse of information of every kind for all times, has become so rare and expensive as to be accessible only in large libraries or on the shelves of special collectors. All of these facts help to make more important the appearance of the present two volumes. Among contributions from France the large work by Count Gobineau, dealing with the period of ancient Persian history, is familiar, yet that contribution appears not to have been consulted in the preparation of the first volume, although other French writers on special phases are frequently quoted. The fact, perhaps, that Russian articles on particular historic aspects connected with the main theme are not easily available may account for their not being listed in the comprehensive bibliography given at the end of the second volume. Yet throughout the work one misses any reference to the noteworthy writings on the history of Persia by two such late German authorities as Justi and Horn, as well as to the researches of Eduard Meyer in regard to the era when Persian power was at its zenith in antiquity. But these omissions may be due simply to chance, for Nöldeke and Gutschmid are cited, each in his special line of research. This incidental criticism, however, is made only as a passing comment before turning to the work itself as a whole, which is altogether deserving of the highest praise.

To sweep swiftly the scope of the entire work the author has given in the first volume an admirable and critical survey of the history of Iran from the dim past when the relations of Elam, Media, and Persia began to be historical and called forth ultimately a Cyrus the Great and his successors, onward through the centuries before and after Christ until the cataclysm came in Persia's national development, about 650 A. D., through the Mohammedan conquest of Iran by the Arabs. In this volume the subject of myths, legends, and presumable historical data for early antiquity receive appropriate attention. Photographic illustrations and sketch-drawings made from prehistoric remains, accompanied also by replicas of ancient cylinders, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions, lend life to the pages, while pictures taken to-day by the author's own camera are interspersed to show survivals of ancient conditions at the present hour. All this, again, owing to the author's direct knowledge of the country, helps to give a vivid touch to his pen. The mighty empire of the Achæmenian kings, Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, and their followers, lives anew betweeen the lines. Persia's attempted conquest of Greece and the later invasion of the East, as a return visitation, by Alexander the Great become actual realities and have lessons to teach for all time. The wars later between Parthia and Rome have likewise messages to convey; while the fall of the Sasanian monarchy, which ruled over Persia from 224 A. D. to 650, destined to destruction by the Arab sword, is not without significance for the philosophic historian.

Persia to-day is Mohammedan; it has been so in religion more than twelve hundred years. The Moslem victories at Kadesia and Nihavand, in 636 and 642 A. D., proved to be a turning point in the nation's history. But it was still a *Persia rediviva*, despite the rule of the Islam Caliphs. The Abbasid, Saffarid, and Samanid monarchs still reflect elements of the real power in the country; the Turkish power of the Ghaznavids and later the Seljuks never destroyed the true Persian spirit, any more than did the Mongol deluge and the conquering sword of Tamerlane. These various historic epochs, including the rise of the Safavid dynasty, are treated in more than a score of chapters in the second volume, which comes down to the renowned era of Shah Abbas the Great, the contemporary of Queen Elizabeth and of King James.

The subsequent events in Persia's history are then followed with equal care by the author down to our own times, when a Constitution was granted to Persia in 1906, the old order giving place to the new, but as the author adds in conclusion: "What the future may be, whether Persia, which gained so bloodless a victory over absolutism, will prosper under a constitutional form of government or not, lies on the knees of the gods."

The excellent small maps in this volume, and the large pocket maps at the end, combined with the same high quality of illustration, photographic, lithographic, wood-cut, and colored reproductions, together with chapters on Persian literature, art, and architecture, enhance its value just as in the case of the first. The entire work, from beginning to end, is of great importance and entitles its author to a first-rate rank among historians dealing with the East.

NOVA ROMA IMMORTALIS.

Constantinople, Old and New. By H. G. Dwight. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

The city by the Bosphorus is possessed of undying charm. For more than four hundred years scarcely a decade has passed without the publication in some western European language of a description of Constantinople or the life and government centred there. A ruin, yet inhabited and very much alive, borrowing from the West but full of the glamour of the East, commanding land routes and sea ways, poor and wealthy, beautiful and corrupt, Christian and Moslem, polyglot and particolored: Stamboul calls forth from the soul of every observer an individual response. Busbecq and Lady Mary Montagu pictured its life and pageantry; Evliya Effendi described it as seen by Turkish eyes; Gibbon drew it well, never having looked upon it; Spandugino and Rycaut, D'Ohsson and von Hammer, and others in legion, described the government and manners of its rulers, the Turks; Gyllius and Van Millingen wrote of its antiquities, Murray and Baedeker of its existing sights; Racine made the city the scene of tragedy; Byron, Fikret Bey, and Mrs. Poynter embodied it in poetry; Scott, Crawford, and Wallace used it as the scene of fiction; Pierre Loti and Demetra Vaka wrote fiction about it, which they called fact (and only the experienced can attempt to distinguish these); Hamlin, Goddell, and Washburn narrated their experiences as missionaries and educators there; Dr. H. O. Dwight, Sir Edwin Pears, and Sir Charles Eliot have recently described the city's imperial dominion; Gautier and Grosvenor pictured comprehensively its palaces and pleasure-grounds, its temples and tombs; Miss Jenkins, Stanwood Cobb, and Ahmed Emin Bey have lately shown aspects of its life; and who shall enumerate the war correspondents, the sojourning travellers, and the endless procession of historians that have tried to exhaust its possibilities, and have failed?

Mr. Dwight joins this great company humbly, in the garb of an impressionist. He is worthy, because he brings his own distinct contribution; he portrays only what he has seen and loved. Even where, as now and then in the chapter on the Magnificent Community, his style runs a little too closely parallel to that of a guide-book, every detail of the material bears his own touch. His manner is happiest, perhaps, in describing "The City of Gold" and "A Turkish Village," where he has resided; next, it may be, in portraying "Stamboul" and "The Golden Horn." The numerous new and well-chosen illustrations are intimately adapted to the text. One might sometimes wish for a little less avoidance of

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beautiful scenes which have often been described, but this rare fault is incomparably superior to its widely prevalent opposite. Mr. Dwight's impressionism is of a practical, shall one say, of an *American* sort. Compare him with Kinglake. The latter is dateless and almost factless. Though he spent a considerable time in Constantinople, what he tells of it may almost be summed up in the following words ("Eothen," ch. 3, *ad finem*): "It happened to me one day to mount the high grounds overhanging the streets of Pera. I sated my eyes with the pomps of the city and its crowded waters, and then I looked over where Scutari lay half-veiled in her mournful cypresses. I looked yet farther, and higher, and saw in the heavens a silvery cloud that stood fast and still against the breeze. . . . I saw and acknowledged the snowy crown of the Mysian Olympus!" Mr. Dwight has no fear of dates or facts; his impressionism is at times self-conscious and almost artificial, and its total effect is to provide a pleasing atmosphere. But the atmosphere is indeed that of Constantinople, for he belongs to the race of men whom he describes, "that is curious about the ways and thoughts of other men and feels under no responsibility to change them, that can see happy arrangements of light and shade, of form and color, without having them pointed out and in very common materials, that is not repelled by things which look old and out of order, that is even attracted by things which do look so and therefore have a mellowness of tone and a richness of association." "It pleases me," he says, "that all the people in the world are not the same. It pleases me that some are content to sit in coffee-houses, to enjoy simple pleasures, to watch common spectacles, to find that in life which every one may possess—light, growing things, the movement of water, and an outlook on the ways of men."

Mr. Dwight conducts his readers in a leisurely way about the old city and its environs. Such obvious sights as the great mosques, the walls, and the bazaars are presented, usually, in a new light; witness his rhapsody on the walls (pp. 111-112). His enthusiasm, however, is rather for unfrequented paths and seldom-studied works of man: for the Turkish dwelling-houses, with their projecting upper stories, latticed windows, and red-tiled roofs, for the beautifully designed mural tiles of the mosques and tombs, for the innumerable private and public fountains, results of an alliance between art and charity (what admirable multiple bird baths might be made after the model of the Turkish *selsebils!*), for the varied and abundant shipping, for the coffee-houses and the mosque yards, and for the pleasant gardens and the picturesque cemeteries ("Life and death seem never very far apart in Constantinople"). He shows us the people on their holidays, fasting and feasting, praying and promenading, worshipping and dancing; and repeating the practices of classical Greece and pagan Turkestan and Arabia, in the belief that they are conciliating saints and angels and serving God and Allah.

At the beginning of the third chapter stands a spirited comparison of Constantinople with Athens and Rome, evoked by the feeling that justice has not been rendered to the first city. Her day came after theirs was done. In the matter of years, while Rome was a great capital for hardly five centuries, Constantinople has held imperial sway almost three times as long. If Athens was a centre of learning for a thousand years, the younger city, though lacking always the incomparable originality of the first two centuries of Athenian greatness, has been a focus and distributing station for knowledge during a millennium and a half. Nor does it seem likely that she will ever lose her actual rank, to such an extent as did both Athens and Rome in the mediæval age. Athens never had wide religious influence, whatever may be true of her philosophy; Rome was and is the centre of a great subdivision of the Christian Church; Constantinople has held first rank for wide areas of both Christianity and Islam.

The last three chapters are of a special character. The old city has been passing through seven troubled years, during which she has suffered from fire, pestilence, and famine, and borne two major revolutions, besides several *coups d'état*. In four wars which her Government has sustained, she has been threatened twice, and in the second revolution she was taken. Mr. Dwight makes no reference to the great war, but he was in the city during most of the previous vicissitudes. He tells of the "little golden age" of joy and fraternity after the first revolution, in 1908, and of the last *selamlik* of the old Sultan, the capture of the city, and the first going to mosque of the new Sultan, in 1909. The tone changes perforce with the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913. "The hordes of Asia" pour through Constantinople in order to fight in Europe. Beaten in battle, they return, diminished, disheartened, wounded, and stricken by pestilence. With them come new hordes of refugees fleeing from Europe to Asia. Benevolent Europeans strive to keep them sheltered and clothed and fed. During this time the Greek patriarch, full of years, dies, and after much ceremony is put to rest, seated, like the dead Charlemagne, upon a throne. In concluding, Mr. Dwight, with nearly all who have known the Turks well, expresses the hope that they will be remade and their government regenerated.

Mr. Dwight lays claim to conservatism, but nevertheless feels joy in iconoclasm. He attacks with apparent success the tradition that the decorative tiles of the great Turkish period were not locally made, but were brought from Persia and Rhodes. He believes that seven hills cannot be found in Stamboul, except in an artificial topography borrowed from the elder Rome. Perhaps he goes too far in denying the paramount influence of the Church of St. Sophia over the designs of the great mosques. He certainly appears to have overlooked some color effects when he says that the city is "in tone one of the soberest." As seen from a height on a clear day, it shows indeed weathered wood, gray stones, and domes surfaced with lead; but these are brightened by the sunlight, and interspersed under the blue sky with red house-roofs, green trees and gardens, and glimpses of waters whose deep blue is broken by white wings of birds and sails of ships.

The book contains a few defects and errors. The delightful style is occasionally unpolished or obscure. Mr. Dwight is fond of giving derivations, but is not always accurate: *Beshiktash* means not "five stones," but "cradle stone"; Evliya Effendi explains that a Christian church which formerly stood there contained the stone upon which the infant Jesus had been for the first time bathed; *Tekfour*, rather than meaning the "crown-wearer," is a Turkish corruption of the Greek words τοῦ κυρίου, "of the lord"; *Galata* may bear some relation to the late Greek word γαλατᾶς, a "milkman." The head of the Venetian community in Constantinople was a *Bailo* rather than a Balio. *Khurrem* was not the mother of Suleiman's eldest son Mustapha, but was Roxelana under her Turkish name. The historical excursions are not always interesting; that concerning the patriarchs of Constantinople seems out of place among the recent events of the last chapter. At the end of the book is a useful list of the "Masters of Constantinople," and an incomplete but good "Constantinople Book-Shelf."

Notes

"The Foreign Relations of the United States," by Willis Fletcher Johnson, is announced for publication early in the new year by the Century Company.

Robert M. McBride & Co. announce for immediate publication "American Rights and British Pretensions on the Seas," compiled, with introductory chapters, by William Bayard Hale.

M. Paul Sabatier's recent lectures at Bedford College, London, have been published in volume form by T. Fisher Unwin under the title "A Frenchman's Thoughts on the War."

"Industrial Leadership," by H. L. Gantt, will be published shortly by the Yale University Press, which also announces the publication of the late Professor Lounsbury's "The Life and Times of Tennyson, 1809-1850."

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish shortly "The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book," edited by George Goodchild, and "The Rights and Duties of Neutrals," by Daniel C. Brewer. The same house, as agent for the Cambridge University Press, announces the publication of the following volumes: "Selections from the Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley," edited by A. Hamilton Thompson; "Selections from the Poems of John Keats," edited by the same; "North America during the Eighteenth Century," by T. Crockett and B. C. Wallis; "Collected Papers on Spectroscopy," by G. D. Live-

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ing; "Passages in Prose and Verse from German Literature of the Nineteenth Century (1800 to 1870)," selected by M. E. Weber; "Archæological Excavation," by J. P. Droop; "Euclid's Book on Divisions of Figures," with a Restoration Based on Woepcke's Text and the "Practica Geometriæ" of Leonardo Pisano, by Raymond Clare Archibald.

Poultney Bigelow's "Prussian Memories, 1864-1894" (Putnam; $1.25) run a sprightly course, not always in the best taste, but always diverting and not seldom instructive as to present tragic events. As the son of the American Minister young Bigelow was the playmate of the present Kaiser, and for years his friend. He has seen him near at hand, in court, yachting, on manœuvres, and in intimacy. Mr. Bigelow will doubtless be criticised for what he has revealed of Imperial *personalia*. We think he should have a counter credit for what he has abstained from saying. Mr. Bigelow's experience with the public machinery of Prussia, from the time when he was cuffed at school for keeping head up during the *Vater unser*, are both humorous and enlightening. They make one realize the preposterous regimentation of life in Imperial Germany. Reminiscences of the stage, including Edwin Booth's tour in Germany, vary the generally political tenor of the pages. The general temper of the comment may be seized from this note on German unclubableness:

> The curious will note that such clubs as the Athenæum and Reform in London, or the Century and Union in New York, not only are lacking in Germany, but are inconceivable in Berlin, Munich, or Cologne. A club presupposes personal dignity and equality. Imagine if you can a club in New York or London where every member had to rise and salute whenever a person of superior rank passed through the rooms.

This view is reinforced by an account of the difficulty which the author once had in visiting the Kiel Yacht Club, of which he is a life member, though he approached from the water and wearing the club cap.

Will the experience of the United States be of any service to those who, when the battlefields are silent, must be called upon to reunite the shattered amities of Europe? That is the question which David Jayne Hill asks and undertakes to answer in "The People's Government" (Appleton; $1.25 net). In brief the author examines anew the fundamental concepts of statehood, law, and citizenship. The discussion is in part historical, tracing the evolution of the state from the earliest times, and in part systematic or analytical. The nature, sanction, and supremacy of law, the relation of law to liberty and property, the scope and efficiency of constitutional guarantees, the American doctrine of judicial supremacy—these and many other related topics are reëxamined in the light of contemporary political facts and tendencies. Dr. Hill's task has been to throw aside the husks and to uncover the kernels: on the whole he has done his work carefully and well. The discussion is throughout sane and practical; the style is good, and the book, indeed, is one which any thoughtful reader should enjoy.

For more than a year a committee of prominent Englishmen, under the direction of Lord Bryce, has been studying the possibility of eventually developing out of the present European mêlée some form of peace insuring international polity. As a member of this committee Mr. J. A. Hobson has given the subject much careful thought, and some of it now finds expression in a volume entitled "Towards International Government" (Macmillan; $1 net). The author does not state conclusions, but he does set forth various tentative proposals and argues plausibly in support of them. He is well aware that no enduring international amity and no effective agreement to reduce armaments will ever be possible so long as national policy is actuated by those motives which have everywhere guided it in the past. We must first procure, accordingly, a reversal of those motives. But how can that be accomplished? Fundamentally, in Mr. Hobson's judgment, it can only be accomplished by bringing to pass a situation in which no increase of a nation's armed forces will make aggression more likely to succeed. And no slight task that would be. It would involve huge readjustments, both political and economic. The larger portion of the book is devoted to a speculative consideration of the practical steps towards this end. The feasibility of a "social contract of nations," the personnel and jurisdiction of an international court for the settlement of disputes, the efficacy of the economic boycott as a weapon for enforcing its decisions, and the relation of internationalism to democracy—these are some of the matters dealt with in detail. There is an earnest plea for more publicity and more popular control in the conduct of all international affairs, for the handling of foreign policy "upon the same footing of decent, reasonable settlement that prevails in every other human relation." Whatever the outcome of the war, it will in any case, if Mr. Hobson predicts right, bring into being a popular outburst against the old arts of diplomacy with the earmarks of secrecy, intrigue, exclusiveness, and antagonism. The book is interesting, hopeful, and free from any touch of partisan bitterness.

When H. G. Wells, in "The Passionate Friends," wishes to indicate the vision and beneficence of his hero, he has only to attribute to him the actual enterprises of our modern publishers of books, who are vieing with one another for the opportunity of supplying the wit and wisdom of the world to readers of large appetites but small incomes. This movement in the earlier phase provided editions of the classics, like the "Banquet" of Plato or the "Essays" of Bacon, at the price of a breakfast or a couple of Sunday newspapers. In its later phase, well represented by Henry Holt's Home University Library, it attempts to bring popular knowledge up to date by furnishing inexpensive, readable, expert introductions to periods of history, aspects of science, problems of philosophy, and the like. Mr. Holt's newly launched fifty-cent series, Writers of the Day, is in effect an extension of the modern wing of the Home University Library. In this series the works of living notables are to be discussed by fellow-workers of a younger generation. Three volumes have now been issued: "Anatole France," by W. L. George; "H. G. Wells," by J. D. Beresford, and "Arnold Bennett," by F. J. Harvey Darton. The ingenuity of the scheme lies in the fact that each author, while introducing his relatively illustrious elder, indirectly introduces himself; and the way he sets himself off from his subject is not the least interesting feature of his performance.

Mr. George, who as a novelist is an avowed disciple of H. G. Wells, brings in Anatole France with a certain jaunty condescension both to the Frenchman and to the English-speaking public. He tells us all in a breath that he has "read very little about" his subject, and that "people are afraid to criticise Anatole France adversely"—he is "acclaimed all over the world." Obviously Mr. George has not observed the recent French attacks upon M. France's position, represented by such mordant criticism as that of Michaut and Giraud. He writes, in other words, as if unaware that there is a "younger generation" in France as well as in England. He is grateful to the present war for furnishing him a background of beer, sweat, fine courage, and self-sacrifice against which to contrast "the dapper quality of the great Frenchman's thought." He is grateful, also, to the British public for furnishing him a background of moral idealism against which to contrast the inveterate sensuality of the Gaul. "I have come to think," he says, "that, if we differ at all from the brute, it is by the courage with which we face the consequences of our deeds, by delicacies of feeling in which caresses have no place, by something that is more than elegance, that can maintain love when sickness, ugliness appear, and æsthetics fall to the ground. There is not in the works of Anatole France a line devoted to love." This is no doubt very firm and just. The injustice consists in the intimation that no Frenchman could possibly see the point of that criticism. As a matter of fact, M. Michaut's book concludes with exactly the same judgment: "From beginning to end . . . *son œuvre est vouée au Désir et à la Volupté.*"

Mr. Beresford, author of several realistic novels of serious intention, introduces Mr. Wells with words of high admiration for his general spiritual attitude and endeavor, but with qualified praise for his accomplishment in fiction. He is ready to maintain that Wells is second to none as a writer of the fantastic romances which he produced in the earlier part of his career. But he adds: "I am less certain of his position as a novelist." "On the one hand he is inclined to idealize the engineer and the scientific researcher, on the other to satirize, and, in effect, to group into one sloppy-thinking mass, every other kind of Englishman, not excepting philosophers, politicians, and social reformers." He will not live, thinks Mr. Beresford, by virtue of his characterizations. His virtue resides in his fecundity, his mastery of language, and, above all, in his "pointing the possible road of our endeavor." "Through all his work moves the urgency of one who would create something more than a mere work of art to amuse the multitude or afford satisfaction to the critic. His chief achievement is that he has set up the ideal of a finer civilization, of a more generous life, than that in which we live; an ideal that, if it is still too high for us of this generation, will be appreciated and followed by the people of the future." One may quarrel with the prophetic part of this sentence, without in the least denying that many of Mr. Wells's readers rise from the perusal of his works with a singular elation of the heart and a conviction that they have participated in a miraculous and authentic feast of Pentecost.

Mr. Darton, author of "Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims" and "The Wonder Book of Old Romance," presents the historian of the Five Towns as a literary phenomenon of

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grave and indeed almost appalling significance. In his attempt to do justice to a writer with whom he finds that he has little or nothing in common, he gives us a good deal of rather sharp criticism. One enjoys his manly endeavor to conceal his unconcealable feeling that Mr. Bennett is a literary "bounder" of talent. He springs up in an industrial civilization; he matriculates at London University, "that august negation of the idea of a university"; he is impregnated with the egoism and pride and push of his social *milieu;* he writes 335,340 words a year, and brags of it; he is hungry for success and quick returns in cash. With him we behold the dreadful advent of the novel about the middle class, by a man of the middle class, and written from the middle-class point of view. The work is ugly, gray, coarse, gloomy, oppressive; but it is honest, efficient, inexorable, brave, imposing. It is permeated by the sturdy English spirit of liberty. Perhaps the most interesting passage in Mr. Darton's book is his general characterization of the new school of fiction: "In the new school there is neither high nor low. Nor is there a necessary beginning or end, except the beginning of birth and the end of death. The characteristic achievement is controlled mass. A modern novel is like a modern battle. A thousand circumstances vibrate and vanish, sometimes with little apparent inter-connection. So vivid and real are the details that often they, and not the whole movement, linger in the memory. Even at the 'end' the reader may be vague. But the reader and the novelist have taken part in a battle of the soul. They have seen life together, and the reader, willy-nilly, has had to face what the author decrees to be reality."

A memoir of Elizabeth Buffum Chace, one of the finest spirits of the anti-slavery agitation and for fifty years a foremost citizen of Rhode Island, is altogether welcome because of its subject and her friendships with the leaders of the greatest moral agitation of our time. But the two volumes published by her daughter, Lillie Buffum Chace Wyman, and Arthur Crawford Wyman (Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.; $8) bring a distinct disappointment, in that they give no connected picture of Mrs. Chace or her time. They are made up chiefly of extracts from letters from and to Mrs. Chace, many of which are without value or significance. Others are, however, of distinct historical value and, as a whole, the work indubitably throws an interesting sidelight upon the chief personalities of Mrs. Chace's times. But so remarkable a woman and so devoted a worker in the anti-slavery cause, when to be affiliated with it meant social ostracism of the worst kind and the risk of personal violence, deserved a better record of her manifold civic activities. Descended from one of the oldest colonial families, she was an untiring reformer even when she had passed fourscore years and ten, and being the daughter of the first president of the New England Anti-Slavery Society was, as she herself said, "born and baptized into the anti-slavery spirit." These two volumes of her doings and writings are admirably illustrated by pictures of the anti-slavery leaders who were Mrs. Chace's admiring friends and devoted associates.

Is there any hope for colleges and college education, on evil days though fallen and evil tongues? No longer need any one wonder or analyze. Mr. Seymour Deming has solved the problem once and for all in "The Pillar of Fire" (Small, Maynard; $1 net). Amid much Carlylean diatribe he discovers the solution in the answer to the question, "How can the college be brought back to its rightful task—*the teaching of revolutionism?*" He can easily explain why it doesn't train I. W. W. orators now. "Contemplate, if you will, these professorial gentry who, from the serene altitude of a square meal yesterday, to-day, and forever, sound alarums against a too precipitate mending of the machinery for fear the fly-wheel, if suddenly stopped, may burst; and when it does burst, at Lawrence, or Paterson, or West Virginia, or Calumet, or Ludlow, and then when the working class puts forth leaders as naturally and as spontaneously as a tree puts forth fruit, these, our trainers for leadership, exclaim in dismay that 'democracy is unsafe unless the masses will submit to rational guidance.'" He can also explain why his own piercing vision sees all this so clearly where many life-long students of education gaze at the situation as through a glass darkly. "Young people," he assures us, "marvel at the sorry showing made by our faculties and presidents as thinkers when they address themselves to 'current political and economic questions.' They are dazed to hear some ragged tyro of the soap-box put their great academic gods utterly and unmistakably to rout, and, what is more, do so with that grim humor which is an unfailing token of intellectual mastery. The simple reason is that the soap-boxer has got one or two fundamental facts right, and that the college president has been obliged by his responsibility for an institution to get the same one or two fundamental facts wrong." It is surely a great comfort to have the vexed waters finally stilled beyond the peradventure of further debate.

Prof. Edward Hall Gardner, in his "Effective Business Letters" (New York: The Ronald Press; $2), assures us that "there is no difference between 'business English' and good English." This will be cheering news to those who receive, and much-needed information to the many who still write, letters like the following: "Your esteemed favor of 16th ult. at hand and contents carefully noted. In reference to your complaint, we beg to advise that our Mr. Jones will call on the 10th inst. to explain the proposition as per ours of the 13th, which you evidently misunderstood. May we kindly ask you to fill out meantime the enclosed blank for our information and oblige. Yrs. respectfully." The foregoing is not quoted from Professor Gardner's book, but it contains no less than sixteen stock phrases through which thousands of business men show that they do not know the difference between business English and bad English. They are exposed in Chapter V of Professor Gardner's book, where will be found many other examples of the peculiar jargon which is going out of style. "Effective Business Letters" is a good textbook, in that it instructs and informs, with abundant sub-headings and examples, and does not go into lengthy justification of the principles advanced. Part I discusses general principles in simple terms adapted to the beginner's understanding. Part II takes up the mechanics of the art—make-up, heading, address, spacing, paragraphing, punctuation, paper stock, envelopes, etc., with a chapter on mistakes in language, to which we have already referred. Part III goes into more explicit directions for specific types of letters, and deals as much with the thought as with the form. In Part IV the author returns to general principles, but now speaks of unity, coherence, emphasis, and other general aspects of the subject which more properly follow than precede the elementary instruction of earlier chapters. There is much valuable information for the business correspondent in this book.

The latest Jonson play in the list of Yale dissertations is "A Tale of a Tub," edited by Prof. Florence M. Snell (Longmans, Green; $2.50). The principal problem arising from this rustic comedy, with its lively Valentine's day scramble for the hand of the fair Awdrey, is one of date. Licensed in 1633, and palpably hitting, even though the licenser "struck out" much of the satire, at Jonson's erstwhile collaborator, Inigo Jones, the play has nevertheless been regarded by most American scholars, following Collier and Fleay, and by its recent editor, Scherer, as an early play of Jonson's, which late in life he pressed into service, with a few additions, as a vehicle for his spleen against the famous architect and masque-maker. Miss Snell contends, a view already in the field, that the play "stands where its licensing in 1633 puts it, as Jonson's last work for the stage." She fails to find any metrical differences between the old and supposedly new parts or between this play and the rest of Jonson's later work; and she refuses to attach any significance to the curious "scene interloping." In the end it is hardly more than a toss of the coin whether one shall account for the inferiority of the play to Jonson's best work on the score of his 'prentice or his failing hand. On any view of its date, the play is interesting as being something of a *tour de force,* a conscious attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of the early years of Elizabeth. Professor Boas has recently adopted a similar view of "Gammer Gurton's Needle." The Elizabethans are not traditionally credited with very much of this kind of literary artifice.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Holiday books received too late for mention in our special Holiday Book Number include "Beautiful Gardens in America" (Scribner; $5 net), in which the author, Louise Shelton, furnishes, besides a pleasant descriptive text of nearly 350 pages, 170 large photographs and six full-page reproductions in color. Just to turn over the pages for the lovely illustrations is a great treat in itself.

A grim presentation of the horrors of war is to be found in Vernon Lee's "The Ballet of the Nations, a Present-Day Morality" (Putnam; $1.25 net). Satan is made the leading agent, and his lieutenants are Rapine, Lust, Murder, Famine, Self-Righteousness, etc. With such a crew as instigators, it is not difficult for the talented author to set the nations of the earth in a dizzy whirl, which puts in the shade even the doings of the notorious Deadly Sins. A pictorial running (rather leaping) commentary is furnished in stunning, if also lurid, brick and white. The volume is dedicated to Romain Rolland.

Messrs. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge have done a real service by putting forth in attractive form "The Most Popular Mother Goose Songs" (60 cents), with the traditional English airs. The illustrations which border each page are, it seems to us, in strict accord with what we conceive the Mother Goose spirit to be.

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In "Romance of Old Belgium, from Cæsar to Kaiser" (Putnam; $2.50 net), Elizabeth W. Champney and Frère Champney have formed a text based upon the legendary and authentic history of this distracted country. Here is found such matter as the story of Cæsar's Nervian wife, the Four Sons of Aymon, Godfrey of Bouillon, Orange and Egmont, Rubens and Waterloo. Fact is mingled with fiction throughout, even when the events of the present war are reached. The attempt has been to adhere merely to Belgium's essential spirit.

Drama

PRONOUNCEMENTS OF A VETERAN CRITIC.

Vagrant Memories. By William Winter. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3 net.

This volume of "Vagrant Memories," the latest addition to the imposing definitive edition of the works of the veteran critic and poet, William Winter, is one of the most attractive and valuable in the whole series. It will be prized equally by the student, the amateur, the future historian, and the literary connoisseur. Eloquent and vivid in style, full and authoritative in detail, it offers a feast of brilliant description, solid criticism, and sage reflection. With some of his estimates of individual actors it is possible to disagree, but most of them are eminently sound, and for all of them he gives his reasons for the faith that is in him. In all cases he writes with the sincerity of profound conviction. It is in his incidental essays on the theatre, its art and functions, and on famous dramatic characters and their proper interpretation, that his encyclopædic knowledge of his subject and the deep thought he has bestowed upon it are displayed most impressively.

To the frivolous, ephemeral, sensational, or lewd plays, which have been so frequent during the recent years of speculative commercial management, he pays little heed. When he alludes to them it is to dismiss them with a few curt phrases of contempt or disgust. With him the stage is a serious, dignified profession, to which all the arts are handmaids, of which the abuse for vulgar ends is desecration. But he is no blind devotee of the ancient and classic. For all that is best in modern drama, gay or earnest, he has instant appreciation and approval. Far from being a pessimist, he records his deliberate opinion that the present decadence of the theatre is but a temporary phenomenon. But he asserts without hesitation that the actors of a preceding generation were superior to those of to-day, and in this verdict he will be supported very heartily by every one who is old enough to make comparisons between them. The modern actor is inferior, not because of less natural ability, but because, since the virtual disappearance of the stock companies, he has had no means of mastering the essentials of his art. Now this truth is beginning to dawn upon public conception.

Particularly interesting and instructive are Mr. Winter's remarks upon the acting of farce, comedy, and tragedy. He concludes that comedy imposes the most exacting test of histrionic art. He argues that the startling action, poetic conception, and vehement emotions of high tragedy so stir the imagination of the spectator that his judgment is blinded to minor defects in the execution of the actor, whereas, in comedy, in which the emotions are less galvanic, the critical and purely intellectual faculties are less disturbed, and therefore quicker to note shortcomings in the player. This is subtle and, as a general rule, probably true. Whether it can be accepted as a law universal in its application, is open to question. If so, then John Gilbert, for instance, by virtue of his Sir Anthony Absolute, which was as near to absolute perfection as any mortal work could be, might plausibly be pronounced the most proficient actor of his era. It supplies, however, a scientific explanation of the fact that more actors of moderate ability have acquired fame in tragic than in the great comic parts. On the other hand, it must be remembered that it is the greatest imaginative works, all tragic, that make the supreme demands upon histrionic interpretative genius, and that the fame of nearly all the acknowledged great actors, who shone in both departments of the drama —Garrick, Bannister, Phelps, Davenport, Macready, Salvini, and others—rests almost entirely upon tragic achievements. Executive perfection may be more necessary in comedy than in tragedy, but it is also more easily attained. Acting, in the last resort, can only be judged by its approximation to the loftiest creative ideals. There have been many wholly satisfying Sir Peter Teazles, from King to Gilbert—how many Lears? The new stage humor, says Mr. Winter, may be distinguished from the old by its lack of heart. It evokes laughter, but is hard, metallic, even cynical, and seldom appeals to the affections.

Many famous actors figure in the biographical parts of the book. A fine chapter on Matilda Heron contains a masterly analysis of the character and acting of that strange and gifted woman. There is also a very notable and just tribute to the sterling character and abilities of that almost forgotten actor, Mark Smith, who is classed with King, Farren, Got, Placide, Blake, Gilbert, and Warren. Of the last-named performer, William Warren, who for many years divided the honors of the old comedy stage with John Gilbert, Mr. Winter writes with loving enthusiasm. Of J. B. Booth and his son, Edwin, he has, of course, little to add to what he has written before. To the latter he pays a noble tribute and eulogy. He makes it plain that his failure with Booth's Theatre was due solely to the inordinate cost of the building. His productions were richly remunerative. Another interesting paper gives an intimate personal study of that ambitious, indomitable manager, Augustin Daly, which only Mr. Winter could have written.

His dictum that Henry Irving was the greatest actor of whom there is any record must be questioned, eloquently as he writes in support of it. But he was extraordinary as actor, manager, and man. He was the dominant figure of his theatrical period, and the value of his services to his art and his profession could scarcely be overestimated. Intellect, courage, and personal fascination constituted in him a rare individuality. His self-reliance was superb. He told Mr. Winter that his Shylock was "the best ever given." In Primrose, he said, "there was too much waiting. It did not enlist his full powers." Of his Dubosc he remarked that "all the Bill Sykes parts are easy." Corporal Brewster, he complained, was "utterly selfish." His greatest performance, he asserted, was his King Lear, which was "psychological."

A notice of this book must not close without reference to a pungent and admirable pronouncement on Church and Stage and a brilliant analytical essay on the character of Hamlet.

J. Ranken Towse.

"MAJOR BARBARA," AT THE PLAYHOUSE

Mr. Shaw has never been afraid of the improbable. He creates a bizarre situation swiftly and with entire assurance that it will be accepted as real. Unlike the pseudo-realist who wastes much time trying to relate his characters to a known world, Shaw sweeps the world clean of all personages but his own. Whether or not the impression of actuality is thereby furthered, the method has the distinct advantage of leaving plenty of opportunity for unhampered dialogue. The dialogue in "Major Barbara" has an ease which is almost abandon; yet only at the close of the final act, when it is necessary to draw up the arguments into some sort of a conclusion, is there any sign of faltering. The play then for a few minutes becomes talky and aimless. Not that the author has had throughout any very definite goal, but up to this point he has made the audience think that he had one. "Major Barbara," in emphasis and general proportions, is not unlike "The Doctor's Dilemma." Neither play is pure fooling. Out of the merry popping of nostrums emerges not a little shrewd sense; yet neither work does more than rake a few trenches, and there is no attempt to "consolidate" a new position.

If "Major Barbara" had been written yesterday, instead of eight or ten years ago, a large part of its discussion could not have been more timely. This has to do with the moral value of manufacturing munitions of war and selling them to any bidder, regardless of the justice of his quarrel. The Undershafts are the Krupps of England. In the long tradition, reaching back to the seventeenth century, of their pursuit of this special industry, the head of the house in each generation has been a foundling, and in each instance the wife has separated from him because of his determination to disinherit his legal heir. In the play Lady Britomart has the additional reason that her husband preaches immorality, but never practices it (a stab, by the way, which the author may have directed at himself). Of the two daughters, one is Barbara, who has joined the Salvation

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Army with the fervor of a true convert. Associated with her in this organization is her fiancé, a professor of Greek, who is willing to beat the drum because of his love for her, and because he is a "collector of religions." An inveterate cynic, he carries on a rare duel with Undershaft, who is smart enough to justify his two consuming tenets: adoration of riches and belief in protection by the use of might. But the real clash is between father and daughter. He agrees to visit her Salvation Army post provided she will come and look over his huge plant. We need not indicate the line of reasoning whereby, in the scene at the post, he robs her of faith, nor that by which, at the plant, she is made to see the constructive value of her father's work and the opportunities that it offers for humanitarian endeavor. It is all very clever—too clever by half—yet the entertainment it provides is perhaps above Shaw's average.

The production of the play was remarkably finished, and once more proved the possibilities of a well-picked stock company. Miss George herself put much spiritual warmth into the part of Barbara. No one could make the rôle quite vital. Ernest Lawford was again excellent as the professor of Greek, and Louis Calvert, for whom the part of Undershaft was written, made it commanding, except when he occasionally stumbled over his lines. A novel rôle for Conway Tearle was that of a White Chapel thug somewhat curious about religion, which he enacted with much skill. For the character of Lady Britomart, Charlotte Granville had been specially engaged. If space permitted, it would be interesting to examine at length two or three of the minor personages of this extraordinary play—those who are but loosely connected with the central theme. They seem to indicate that, if Shaw did not forever have a propaganda up his sleeve, he could do some pretty character study. F.

Music

THREE PIANISTS AND KREISLER.

Musical entertainments in New York—not Greater New York, but just Manhattan—have lately been offered at the rate of six a day. Partly, this excess of supply over demand is due to the fact that many of the minor musicians follow the example of the great ones in giving two or more recitals, with the obvious object of impressing concert-goers in other cities with the fact that they appeared repeatedly in the metropolis. Of the artists who give several recitals because there is a demand for them, four have been heard within a week—Paderewski, Percy Grainger, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and Fritz Kreisler.

A few days before Paderewski came to New York for his second recital, there were reports from Boston of a performance he gave there which not only made the audience "wildly enthusiastic," but made him admit that he himself was satisfied with what he had done. One of the leading critics, Olin Downes, declared that Paderewski to-day "is truly stupendous and might be called, without hysterical exaggeration, the Over-man of the piano." As such he appeared also in Carnegie Hall last week. One sometimes hears the remark, especially among minor professional musicians, that Paderewski is not what he was twenty-four years ago, when he made his first tour in this country. They forget that they decried him then, too, with the instinctive aversion to genius that characterizes their tribe. At the age of fifty-four one could hardly be surprised if he had lost some of his juvenile fire and impetuosity, but he has not; nor has his technique deteriorated in the least. On the other hand, his art has gained in maturity, and, even more than formerly, it has assumed the form and the charm of a perpetual improvisation. While he plays the notes as printed, he recasts them in his own mould, making them seem strangely different from what they are when others play them. He still has no superior as an interpreter of the older romantic composers, notably Schubert and Schumann; and in the realms of Chopin and Liszt he has no rival. He dreamed rather than played a Chopin nocturne at this last recital, and made a tragedy—the tragedy of Poland—of the wonderful étude, opus 25, No. 7. Of the Liszt rhapsodies he makes so much more in revealing their exotic charm than the other pianists do that most of them hardly dare to play them any more in public; which is a pity; but the future of these rhapsodies is as sure as that of the best of Beethoven's sonatas.

Percy Grainger has reminded not a few of Paderewski as he was when he first came to America. He has, indeed, in common with the great Polish pianist, the quality of genius—Grieg was the first to call the attention of the musical world to this Australian pianist's genius—besides a marvellous technique which never obtrudes itself, youthful enthusiasm, complete absorption in the music without a thought of the audience, a rare capacity for tonal coloring, with the aid of new pedal effects, and the art of clearly setting forth the content of a composition, however polyphonic and complicated. In their programmes and sympathies, however, they differ widely. While Grainger also adores the older masters, notably Bach, Chopin, and Liszt, he has made a specialty of Grieg, whom Paderewski has ignored, admires the modern and even the ultra-modern composers, from Debussy to Schönberg, intensely, and is a worker in the realm of folksong, whereas Paderewski plays national music only in the artistic reproductions of Chopin and Liszt, as well as his own pieces cast in the Polish mould (notably the enchanting "Krakoviak").

There is another point of contrast: whereas the Polish pianist is disappointingly coy about playing his own compositions in public, the Australian, fortunately, makes up his programmes largely of his own delightful pieces, many of which are based on British or Irish folk tunes. At his recital last week he also played, as a tribute to our Stephen Foster (whom he justly considers "one of the most touching and subtle melodists and poets of all time"), his own arrangement for piano of a composition by himself, based on "De Camptown Races." This was enjoyed by the audience as much as were "The Leprechaun's Dance" and "Maguire's Kick," arranged for piano by Grainger from Stanford's "Four Irish Dances." No one plays Irish music as Grainger does.

Ossip Gablilowitsch, a great pianist of still another type, is so cosmopolitan in taste and so free from jealousy that he has included pieces by both Paderewski and Grainger in the programme of the sixth and last of his series of recitals, illustrating the development of piano music from the days of the clavichord and harpsichord to the present time. That, however, will not be presented before March 11. The third of the series was given last Saturday before a crowded auditorium. Evidently the public was not frightened by the possibly "educational" implication of the word "historic." As a matter of fact, Mr. Gabrilowitsch has made up his programmes chiefly of compositions that have long been favorites. On this occasion four of the German romanticists were chosen: Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, whose scores gave this Russian pianist abundant opportunity to show his art at its best. His next recital on December 28 will be devoted to Chopin, and on February 24 he will boldly place in juxtaposition those two antipodes in music—Brahms and Liszt.

Fritz Kreisler's first recital of the season in Carnegie Hall filled not only the large auditorium, but the stage, too, with eager listeners, who compelled him, it is needless to say, to add half a dozen extra pieces to those named on the programme. Among these there was an unusual number of novelties. There were three pieces by Godowsky, whose name heretofore has been associated exclusively with the piano; a Rondino on a theme by Beethoven, composed by Kreisler, a charmingly simple and effective number which the audience insisted on hearing twice, and which in a few weeks will be played the country over; a Spanish dance, gay and Andalusian, by Granados; and, most important of all, Schumann's Fantasy for violin, opus 131. This work was left in a strangely unfinished condition. Joachim, to whom it is dedicated, used to play it, but he urged Kreisler to edit it and make it more coherent and idiomatic for the violin. This Mr. Kreisler has done. In a statement given to the press he explained just what he had done, closing with the words: "I approached the task with humility and wrought in reverence. I lived up to my ideals, and I trust I have not violated Schumann's, in this reconstruction and restoration." These words indicate the general spirit of Kreisler's habit of revising neglected masterworks of the past—all of them neglected simply because they lacked what he has given them; he has made them live as if they were inspired products of our own time. Nearly all other violinists have included them in their repertory, but if no one else plays them as he does, they nevertheless delight audiences the world over. HENRY T. FINCK.

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Art

AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

LONDON, November 25.

The venerable old societies, like the British Artists and the Old Water-Color and the Institute, continue unperturbed in their venerable old ways, opening shows as like as could be to those they have been opening throughout the long, peaceful years of their existence, suggesting no comment or criticism that has not been made a hundred times before. The brand-new Post-Impressionism may have grown a trifle less aggressive, though Roger Fry has chosen this moment to break out with an exhibition of fifty-three exercises in "Abstract" and other "Design," some built up about bus tickets and bits of marbled paper with the diligence, but hardly the spontaneity, of the child who has just received his first present of a toy paint-box. The Royal Academy, after handing over several of its galleries to the use of the Red Cross, has decided not to give a winter exhibition this year, a decision that will affect its own pocket and the pleasure of the public rather than influence the tendency of modern art, for until last year the winter exhibition was devoted to old masters or to Academicians who had died within the immediate past. The necessity of not showing old masters is clear on the face of it at a moment when the masterpieces of private and public collections are being taken down from the walls where they belong and stowed away nobody knows where. A visit to the National Gallery these days is one of the most extraordinary experiences in an extraordinary London.

The exhibition of lithographs by the Senefelder Club at the Leicester Galleries is again the most interesting of the autumn exhibitions, as it has been every year since the Club was founded, except last, when it seemed as if, in the first fury of recruiting and organization, nobody would have a thought to spare for lithography and no exhibition was held. The members have therefore had two years to prepare for this new collection, and they are liberal enough to include the work of other artist-lithographers who are not members. I have written of the Club before this, of its part in reviving the art of lithography in England, and its success where the earlier attempts, though as zealous, of the eighteen-eighties and nineties failed. As Mr. Campbell Dodgson, keeper of prints in the British Museum, says in his preface to the catalogue, the members of the Club are enthusiasts for their beautiful art, they are determined to free it from the taint of commercialism and cheapness, they have proved that in modern times "it is not only Whistler who has made the stone to sing."

The exhibition establishes above all the infinite possibilities of the stone as a medium, for nothing is more striking than the variety in the effect, quality, and color obtained, as well as in the subjects treated. If strength, richness, in color is what the artist seeks, the stone will yield it to him with a fulness and a directness no form of engraving can surpass. Joseph Pennell, the president of the Club, shows this in his series of impressions of the strange, fantastic, all too seldom visited monasteries of Metéora in Greece—prints in which the lithographic chalk is used with equal ease to express the rugged boldness, the solidity, the heavy shadows of the curious cliffs and peaks upon which the monasteries are perched, and the delicacy and faint distances of the Plain of Thessaly that stretches away beyond them, every gradation from the purest black to the most silvery gray rendered as it would be impossible for the etcher to render it with his needle. Of actual color in the more usual sense, the examples are few, and still fewer those in which the artist aims at the elaborate arrangements that were so amazing in the color prints of French lithographers like Lautrec and Lunois and Chéret and the others whose prints were the glory of the Paris salons and streets some fifteen or twenty years ago. Spencer Pryse uses color in many of his prints, but sparingly, with an almost austere respect for technical limitations. It really serves him but as a wash to heighten and deepen the stronger passages in the composition. Two or three of his new lithographs are treated in this way. The most effective is Refugees in Calais, a large print, for he likes to work on a large scale, and not unlike more than one he has already exhibited. He is indeed in danger of being caught in the snares of formula, and his design, whether women bathing or Belgians in flight, people at the races or soldiers at the front, is apt to be built up on much the same lines. However, this new group of refugees, if reminiscent, is one of the best things he has done. Against a vague background two women are resting, one rigid, upright, as she sits there with a baby in her arms, the other half sitting, half lying down and leaning heavily against her, something monumental in their grouping, tragedy itself in their pose. Over the carefully modelled draperies of the two women a flat tint is laid of a deep, sombre, brooding red that intensifies the gloom and emphasizes the tragedy, though the slightest note of false or irrelevant color would have cheapened or ruined it. Anthony Barker has carried his color scheme much further in a small version of a scene on the Thames which, as a big poster, hung for a month last summer in all the underground stations of London. It was one of a series to which Pennell, Hartrick, Jackson, Becker, Kerr-Lawson, all members of the Club, contributed, and which told with startling effect in the midst of the horrible commercial posters that have long defaced the stations and hoardings of London, and the distressing recruiting posters that must be the despair of every Englishman who has the dignity of his country at heart. In the nineties, William Nicholson and James Pryde, figuring then as the Beggarstaff Brothers, Beardsley, and one or two others did what they could to redeem the London poster from vulgarity, but theirs was a short-lived experiment. That, after their failure, the managers of the Underground should have sought the services of the Senefelder Club explains that the Club has done something to educate the public, even if the public has such a talent for forgetting that the second experiment may be doomed to pass only less quickly than the first.

What can be done with wash, another method known, as all were, to Senefelder and practiced with wonderful results by many of the greatest lithographers, may be seen, in one or two of A. S. Hartrick's prints, more especially The Man on the Hill, 1914. The lithographer will study it with interest for the way the wash is treated, for the varied and expressive quality of the blacks got from it with such difference, such subtle truth, in the ploughed field, the solitary figure, the sweep of the clouded sky above; to those to whom the technical problem solved will mean nothing, the print must appeal by the dramatic treatment of the simple motive, something prophetic almost in the pose of the man alone there, waiting and watching on his windy hill-top. But there is not one of Hartrick's series that does not reveal the artist's love of his medium and desire to master its resources. This is true also of the work of John Copley. Like Spencer Pryse, he has gone to the war for inspiration. Refugees and recruits have supplied him with types that interest him, though his chief preoccupation seems to be less with them as types—less with the pathos of the weary exiles we have grown used now to seeing in England, less with the half-shamed, half-pleased first march of the men from the recruiting station, the familiar daily spectacle in the Strand—than with the forms and groups he discovers in them that can be woven into a consistent pattern, with the amusing lines, the spaces of white and black they suggest that require all the printer's as well as the draughtsman's art to take and maintain their proper value and place in the design. In the prints of Ethel Gabain the same concern with design, the same preoccupation with the lithographer's problem, is felt. From a simple gray interior and a single note of black in a figure, doing it matters not what, she will work out an arrangement on the stone that pleases by the very quiet and simplicity of the harmony and the absence of what is popularly known as meaning. She has repeated the one theme often, but this year, in The Wedding Morning, with the single figure, a bride in bridal gown, that allows of no note of black, she has turned to a new motive in the study of gray upon gray, more difficult to the lithographer than to the painter.

This interest in the medium for itself as well as for the subject it interprets is really characteristic of almost all the work shown—of the prints of C. H. Shannon, who has done little in lithography of late; Daniel

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Wehrschmidt, Ernest Jackson, Miss Hope; of the two Belgians, Paulus and Poortenaar, who exhibit for the first time, I believe, with the Club. And it is because of this interest of the artists themselves that they stimulate the interest of others in their work. They have not dabbled with stones and presses, chalks and washes, stumps and scrapers, to make the pretty or topical pictures the public is supposed to like. They have used the stone because it could best express what they had to say, and because they were amused with the different ways their tools enabled them to say it, one experiment, one problem, leading on to still another. This may be the attitude distrusted in the near past when critics angrily protested against "art for art's sake," a phrase that has disappeared with its inventors. But it is the attitude of the true artist always, whether he may be called Classicist or Romanticist, Impressionist or Post-Impressionist, and so long as it remains his attitude the world can await with equanimity the part art is pre-ordained to play in whatever change the war is to bring in its train. N. N.

Finance

RETROSPECT OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Exactly twelve months ago this week, on December 12, 1914, the New York Stock Exchange reopened, after having been closed during the eighteen weeks from July 30. Why the reopening had been so long delayed; why it occurred at just that date, and whether the reopening in itself reflected or indicated any positive idea that the things which have happened since then, in American finance, were likely to happen—these are questions which may reasonably be asked, in retrospect.

Going back in memory to the period which preceded the reopening, it is not difficult to recall the circumstances which delayed the reopening nearly five months after war broke out. Having been closed in order that the panic which raged on Europe's markets should not be converged upon New York, the avowed ground for not reopening was the fear that the hundreds of millions of American securities owned abroad might be thrown on the New York market, breaking down the whole structure of security values and paralyzing the finances of the country.

How seriously that possibility was regarded, even after Europe had passed out of its own acute stage of panic, was illustrated by the suggestions actually made to the famous "committee of five" regarding the methods which ought to be adopted when the Exchange should actually be reopened. One recommendation, from high banking quarters, was that a commission be sent abroad, to visit every country of Europe and take an inventory of all American stocks and bonds that were likely to be sold; the Exchange remaining closed until the commission had returned. Another suggestion, seriously made, was that the Government declare it a misdemeanor for a broker to take orders from any one but an American citizen. This was to shut out European sellers. Still another proposal was that the national Treasury issue currency against stocks and bonds; another, that the Stock Exchange make a rule for securities from abroad to be paid for on a basis of 10 per cent. cash and the balance in certificates of deposit, non-negotiable except between banks.

These ideas now sound as quaint as the "currency proposals" of the army of visionaries who travelled to Washington after the panic of 1907. As to why, despite the misgivings of the day, the Stock Exchange actually did resume open trading in stocks on Saturday, December 12, the strongest reason was that the Stock Exchange could not help itself. The New Street "curb market" had grown to large proportions; despite the discountenancing of it by the banks and the Stock Exchange, it was really fixing prices, and on a basis very largely of legitimate sales and purchases by the public. When this had gradually given way to the semi-official market in the Stock Exchange clearing-house, the volume of business done in that market had by December risen to proportions with which the extemporized machinery was unable to cope. There was really nothing for the Stock Exchange but to take the plunge and see what would happen.

But the Exchange had undoubtedly made up its subconscious mind that nothing serious would happen. Even the restriction of the "minimum price" chafed; in April, that precaution also was abolished. The three or four weeks preceding the reopening of the Stock Exchange had given at least a foretaste of the notable change that was about to occur in the country's economic situation. Part of that change had in fact occurred already; the return of money rates to a normal level, the fall of sterling exchange almost to parity, the cessation of gold exports, and, not least of all, the establishment of the new Federal Reserve system, with its safeguards and its smaller requirements for individual bank reserve.

Even the balance of international trade in merchandise was swinging so rapidly to the export side that the country's surplus of exports, which in November was $18,000,000 less than the year before, had in December run $82,000,000 beyond 1913. The orders of belligerent Europe on our manufacturers of munitions, which have subsequently reached such extraordinary magnitude, had at that time scarcely begun. No one could then foresee the influence which those orders were destined to exert whether on the export trade, on the steel industry, or on the stock market itself. But on the other hand, our exports of grain had already, at this time a year ago, surpassed all precedent in the history of the American grain trade.

It is reasonably safe to say, therefore, that when the Stock Exchange reopened it had already obtained a glimpse of the cheerful economic developments then ahead of us. To what extent Wall Street actually foresaw the conditions which have followed, in the matter of European holdings of American securities, is another question. That heavy sales from that quarter were inevitable, every one believed; that belief was the reason for the long maintenance of "minimum prices." And the belief turned out to be correct.

What nobody could have expected even the most daring financial authority to predict, and what nobody did in fact prophesy, was that $700,000,000 of those securities would actually be "unloaded" on our market in the ensuing twelvemonth, without preventing a general rise in American prices for the same securities. "If any one had predicted, just a year ago," a member of a well-known American banking house lately remarked, "that within twelve months Wall Street would be complaining that London was not selling back its American securities fast enough, and that England's shipments of gold to us were so large as to be injurious to our own interests, would he or would he not have been considered in his right mind?" Yet both things have come to pass.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Hoyt, L. M. Onesimus the Slave. Sherman, French. $1.35 net.
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